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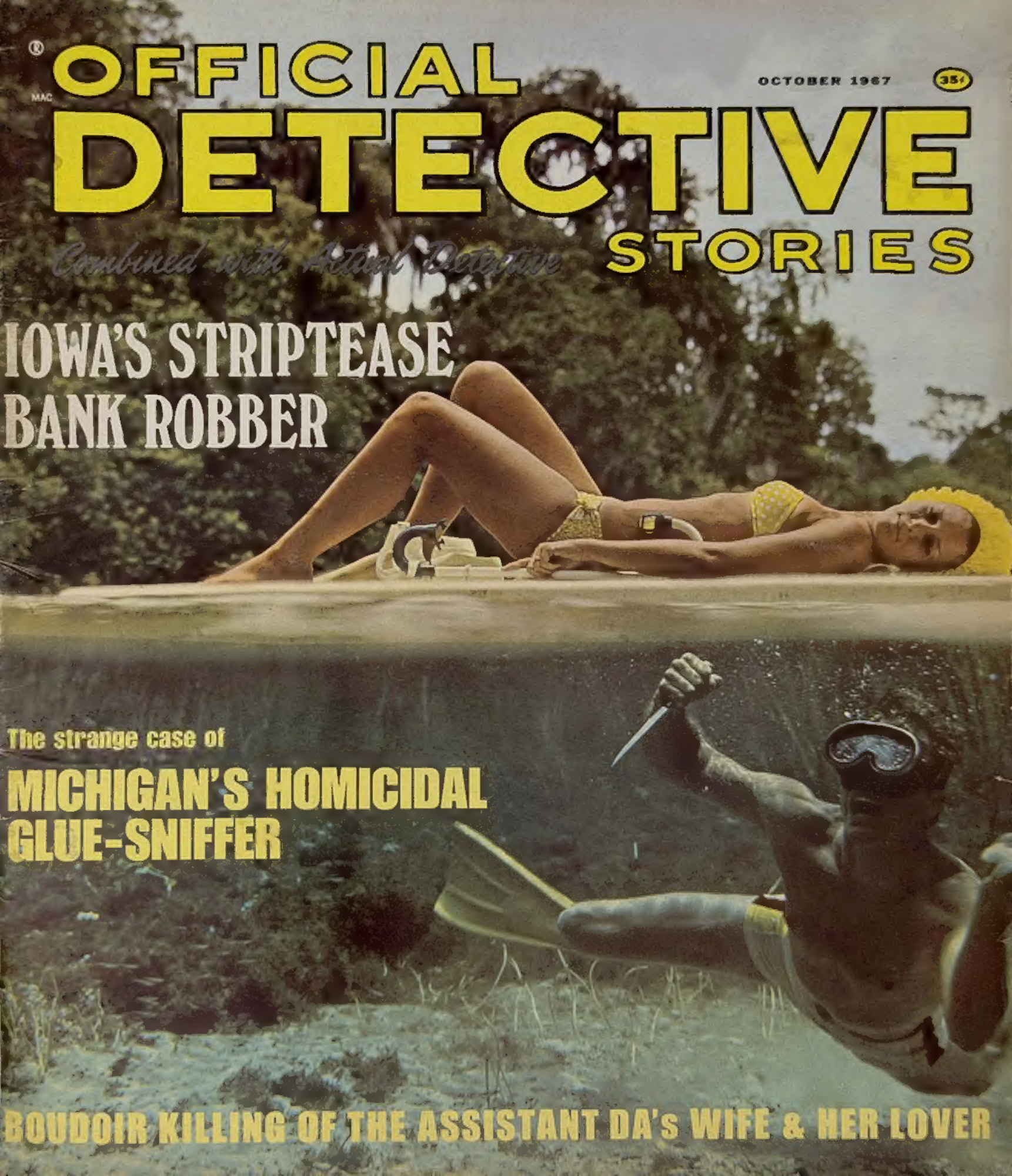
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

Combined with Actual Detective

OCTOBER 1967 35¢

IOWA'S STRIPTEASE BANK ROBBER



The strange case of

MICHIGAN'S HOMICIDAL GLUE-SNIFFER

BOUDOIR KILLING OF THE ASSISTANT DA's WIFE & HER LOVER

HENRY MANCINI
VAN CLIBURN
JULIE ANDREWS
PERRY COMO
AL HIRT
SONNY & CHER
BERT KAEMPFERT
Now RCA RCA Victor Record Club...
offers you top-star albums of the
339. Heifetz and Reiner collaborate in this melodic, romantic work
432. Next Door To An Angel, Oh Carol, Little Devil, and others
433. San Antonio Rose, You Are My Sunshine, Tweedle-O-Twill, others
340. His biggest all-time hits. Put Your Head On My Shoulder, etc
429. Fourteen highlights from Tchaikovsky's charming fairy-tale ballet
585. Wacky pair sings Top Funny Farm, Jimmy Dinky Cars, more
582. Java, San Antonio Rose, Safari's Date, Unchained Melody, etc.
508. 12 all-time hits by Mario Lanza. Because You're Mine, etc.
916. Hit title tune, Born Free, Summer Wind, Copy Cat, 5 others.
923. Gentle Latin rhythms in Guantanamera, Girl From Ipanema, others.
909. Eddy's great years include Bouquet Of Roses, Anytime, etc.
936. Connie sings Born A Woman, Everybody Loves Somebody, 12 more in all.
6. Santa Claus Is Comin' To Town, Winter Wonderland, Up On The Housetop.
2. Silent Night, We Three Kings, Go In Rite, Frosty The Snow Man, others.
1966 COUNTRY & WESTERN LIMITED TIME ONLY
943. All-hit program with Kitty Wells, Loretta Lynn, Ernest Ashworth, others.
539. Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass, others in the fun-loving style of the year!
908. Big title hit, Bon Soir Dame, Au Revoir, True Love, Melinda, more.
966. Smash-hit I'm A Believer, She, Hold On Girl, Mary Mary, 9 others.
527. I'm Gettin' Better, Guilty, Am I Losing You?, Blue Boy, Home, others.
533. Mary Poppins' spoon-ful of sugar makes the glorious sound track with Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke.
292. Red River Valley, Wagon Wheels, The Last Roundup, others.
932. Groovy group in title gem, She'd Rather Be With Me, My About You.
819. Snow Flake (Jim Reeves), Lonely Arms (Chet Atkins), 10 more.
822. New country star sings Irresistible Tears, Paper Roses, Come, etc.
603. My Gal Sal, Alabamy Bound, You Made Me Love You, etc.
536. Peter Gunn, Baby Elephant Walk, Charade, Mr. Lucky, Lujon, etc.
3. Soundtrack-score Ballads. Happy Talk. Some Enchanted Evening, etc.
124. Prisoner of Love, Tin Tin Deo, Temptation, Wanted, etc.
974. Chart-perched title hit, These Boots Are Made For Walkin', more
817. Swinging new group in Last Train To Clarksville, Stepping Stone, Sad Mood, etc.
145. American Patrol, Tuxedo Junction, Pennsylvania 6-5000, more.
250. Best-selling sound track. Title theme, complete score.
567. Honky Tonk Song, Someday, Missing You, Why Baby Why, others.
651. Kitty Wells, Webb Pierce, Ernest Tubb, Patsy Cline, others
124. Hang It On Home To Me, Having A Party, Only Sixteen, Sad Mood, etc.
327. Tales From The Vienna Woods, Die Fledermaus Overture, others.
744. Lonely Corner, Only The Young, Since I Don't Have You, more.
750. Hits by great country star. Blue Moon Of Kentucky, Always, more.
764. Inspirational songs. Were You There?, title song, and others.
766. Bright Lights And Country Music, Rainbow At Midnight, title hit, etc.
781. Album sensational in spring. Verbatim ballads. Badge Of Courage, etc.
549. The World Is Not My Home, Stand By Me, No Tears In Heaven, more.
826. In-person recording. Only Love, Rose, The Mermaid, etc.
632. John Andrews and the original movie sound track. Do Re Mi, etc.

HEIFETZ
339. Heifetz and Reiner collaborate in this melodic romantic work.
NEIL SEDAKA'S GREATEST HITS
The Diary
Calendar Girl
432. Next Door To An Angel, Oh Carol, Little Devil and others
GENE AUTRY'S GOLDEN HITS
433. San Antonio Rose, You Are My Sunshine, Tweedle O Twirl, others.
PAUL ANKA'S 21 GOLDEN HITS
460. His biggest all time hits. Put Your Head On My Shoulder, etc
Tchaikovsky THE NUTCRACKER
Chicago Symphony Reiner
420 Fourteen highlights from Tchaikovsky's charming fairy tale ballet
HORTON & JETHRO
FRACTURED FOLK SONGS
The Funny Farm, Guaranteed Corn, Jimmy Drinks Corn, & more!
565. Wacky pair sings The Funny Farm, Jimmy Drinks Corn, more
THE BEST OF "FLOYD CRAMER"
Last Date
On the Rebound
562. Java, San Antonio Rose, Satan's Son, Orchard Melody, etc.
The Best of Mario Lanza
Santa Lucia
Be My Love
568. 12 all-time hits by Mario Lanza. Because You're Mine, etc.
HENRY MANCINI
VAN CLIBURN
Now RCA RCA Victor Record Club...
offers you top-star albums of the
WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL
LAWRENCE WELK
916. Hit title tune, Born Free, Summer Wind, Copy Cat, 5 others.
SPANISH RHAPSODIES FOR YOUNG LOVERS
Midnight String Quartet with Harpsichord, Piano and Rhythm
923. Gentle Latin rhythms in Guantanamera, Girl From Ipanema, others.
THE BEST OF EDDY ARNOLD
THE LAST WORD IN LONESOME IS ME
CATTLE CALL
RCA VICTOR
908. Eddy's great ones include Bouquet Of Roses, Anytime, etc.
JULIE ANDREWS
PERRY COMO
DOWNTOWN COUNTRY
CONNIE SMITH
936. Connie sings Born A Woman, Everybody Loves Somebody, 12 gems in all.
CHRISTMAS WITH EDDIE ARNOLD
RCA VICTOR
6. Santa Claus Is Comin' To Town, Winter Wonderland, Up On The Housetop.
MY CUP RUNNETH OVER
ED AMES
RCA VICTOR
908. Big title hit, Bon Soir Dame, Au Revoir, True Love, Melinda, more.
MORE OF THE MONKEES
905. Smash-hit I'm A Believer, She, Hold On Girl, Mary Mary, 9 others.
The Best Of JIM REEVES
HE'LL HAVE TO GO
FOUR WALLS
527. I'm Gettin' Better, Guilty, Am I Losing You?, Blue Boy, Home, others.
A MERRY MANCINI CHRISTMAS
HENRY MANCINI
2. Silent Night, We Three Kings, She's Nice, Frosty The Snow Man, others.
1966 COUNTRY & WESTERN AWARD WINNERS
948. All-hit program with Kitty Wells, Loretta Lynn, Bill Anderson, 6 others.
CASINO ROYALE
920. Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass, others in the fun soundtrack of the year!
AL HIRT
MARY POPPINS
530. The glorious soundtrack with Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke.
SONS OF THE PIONEERS
COOL WATER
292. Red River Valley Wagon Wheels, The Last Roundup, others
THE TURTLES
942. Groovy group in title gem. She'd Rather Be With Me, Me About You.
BIG COUNTRY HITS
VOLUME 1
JIM REEVES
MARE SHOW, ETC.
BORN TO SING
CONNIE SMITH
AL JOLSON
TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE
The Best of HENRY Mancini
MOON RIVER
DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES
536. Peter Gunn, Baby Elephant Walk, Charade, Mr. Lucky, Lujon, etc.
SOUTH PACIFIC
4. Soundtrack score. Bali Ha'i, Happy Talk, Some Enchanted Evening, etc.
COMO
GOLDEN RECORDS
14 MILLION SELLERS
124. Prisoner of Love, Till The End Of Time, Temptation, Wanted, etc.
Glenn Miller
IN THE MOOD
MOONLIGHT SERENADE
145. American Patrol, Tuxedo Junction, Pennsylvania 6-5000, more.
EXODUS
250. Best selling sound track. Title theme, complete score.
WEBB PIERCE'S GOLDEN FAVORITES
587. Honky Tonk Song, Someday, Missing You, Why Baby Why, others.
THE VIENNA OF JOHANN STRAUSS
Vienna Philharmonic
Von Karajan
337. Tales From The Vienna Woods, Die Fledermaus Overture, others.
Van Cliburn
My Favorite CHOPIN
356. Sparkling display of keyboard mastery. Polonaise In A Flat, etc.
748. Lonely Corner, Only The Young, Since I Don't Have You, more.
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Mail the postpaid card NOW and get all this!
Any 4 Record Albums for only 99¢
FREE Record Cleaning Cloth
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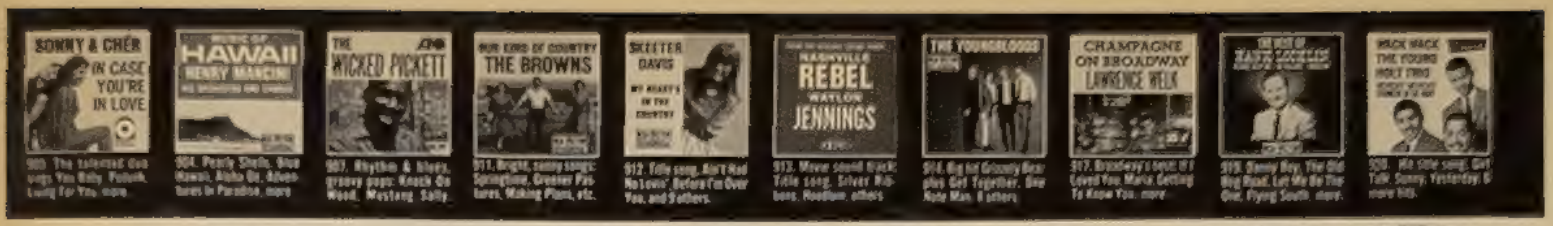
ALL membership benefits of the famous RCA Victor Record Club
DVORAK NEW WORLD
851. Dvorak's most famous work. Herbert von Karajan conducts.
Peter Nero
Kate Smith
The Shadows
868. Portrait Of My Love, Ain't It True, Invisible Tears, Michelle, others.
BOSTON POPS FIEDLER
MUSIC AMERICA LOVES BEST
558. 8 favorites by Wagner, Brahms, Rossini and others. Large, etc.
PETER NERO
827. Mountain Greenery, Laura's Love, Night and Day, Moon Indigo, etc.



where the great stars are... other top record clubs too!

Any **4** RECORD ALBUMS for only **99¢**

STEREO or Regular Hi-Fi

Worth up to $23.92 at regular Club prices

548. Sugar Lips, Stranger in Paradise, Bourbon Street Parade, etc.

586. Password, Old Records, B.J. The D.J., This White Circle, etc.

918. 11 groovy hits: My Best Friend, Somebody To Love Me, White Rabbit.

You merely agree to buy as few as four more records within a year at regular Club prices.

821. Exciting new folk-rock group sings and swings—Bursed, Leave.

922. Top hits of "right now!" Lara's Theme, Yesterday, and 10 more.

926. Eddy sings the title hit, I Love You Drops, Love On My Mind, 9 more.

934. You Keep Me Hangin' On, Love Is Like A Heat Wave, 10 others.

938. Sounds Inspired Dedicated To The One I Love, My Girl, Free Advice, more.

928. Strings grass, wood-winds: Blue Tango Mona My Own, 10 more.

874. Jambalaya, Sweet Nothin's, I'm Sorry, Fool #1, As Usual, more.

926. Three-star triangle: Title hit, Maverick, Fancy Girl, and 9 others.

925. Title tune, No One To Cry To, Don't Touch Me, Paper Mansion, more.

792. I Don't Hurt Anymore, A Fool Such As I, Miller's Cave, etc.

793. Try To Find Another Man, My Tears Will Go Away, Night Owl, etc.

801. Wilma sings I Love You Drops, I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry, others.

802. Takin' To The Woods, A Girl Like You, Thanks A Lot, 9 others.

803. Smash title song: Cold And Lonely City, Early Morning Rain, etc.

809. Duo tells title first: I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry, other funky rockers.

834 - I'll Be Your Man, Message Of Our Love, Standing Still, etc.

831 - Title song, My Tears Are Overdue, Men With Broken Hearts.

835 - Am I Losing You, He'll Have To Go, Scarlet Ribbons.

836 - On No No, Cherry Cherry, Red Rubber Ball, Monday Monday.

837 - Title song, Yesterday, Lara's Theme, Once I Loved, others.

839 - Busted, Distant Drums, Detroit City, You Never Comes A Sucker.

840 - Amigos Guitar, I'll Repossess My Heart, Mommy For A Day, etc.

842. Chet goes country-bango in I Love Paris, Al Di La, other hits.

843. Powerful performances of It Had To Be You, Dead I Do, more.

845. Champagne music with a Latin tempo & twang: Born Free, others.

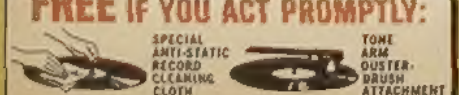
Yes! TOP STARS! TOP HITS! TOP LABELS! Any 4 Albums for 99¢

Get Any **4** ALBUMS FOR ONLY **99¢**

IT'S EASY AS THIS:

1. Indicate by number the FOUR records you want.
2. Check this box only if you want Monaural records.
3. Check the kind of music you like best.
4. Print your name, address and telephone number.

FREE IF YOU ACT PROMPTLY:



SPECIAL ANTI-STATIC RECORD CLEANING CLOTH

TONE ARM DUSTER-BRUSH ATTACHMENT

BOTH useful gifts are yours FREE when you accept this generous offer and mail the card NOW!

10-DAY FREE TRIAL! MAIL CARD NOW!

To: RCA VICTOR RECORD CLUB, Indianapolis, Ind. 46219

Please accept this application for trial membership in the RCA Victor Record Club and send me the four records indicated below . . . plus my FREE Record Cleaning Cloth and Tone Arm Duster-Brush Attachment. Bill me later for only 99¢. I agree to purchase four more records within a year at regular Club prices. Thereafter, as long as I remain an active member, I may choose one record FREE for every two I buy! A small shipping-service charge is added to each order.

1. Indicate by number the 4 records you want:

2. ☐ Check here if you do NOT have stereophonic equipment and all your records will be sent in regular Monaural instead of Stereo.

3. I am most interested in the following type of music (Check one only) ☐ Popular ☐ Classical ☐ Today's Sound ☐ Country & Western ☐ Broadway Hollywood-TV

4. Please print: 7-63

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Limited to new members; U.S. residents only; one membership per family. APO, FPO addresses: Write for special offer! (F-8)

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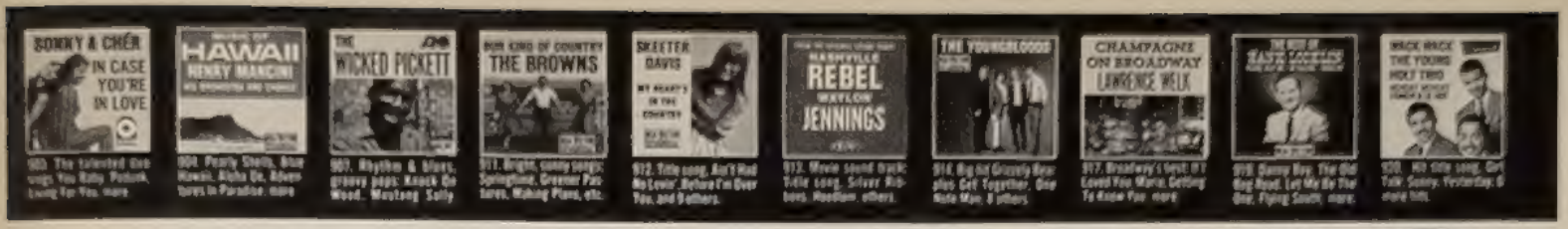
...top stars...top hits...top labels!



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821. Exciting new folk-rock group sings and swings—Burned, Leave.

922. Top hits of "right now!" Lara's Theme, Yesterday, and 10 more.

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934. You Keep Me Hangin' On, Love Is Like A Heat Wave, 10 others.

939. Smash hit Dedicated To The One I Love, My Girl, Free Advice, more.

920. Strings, brass, woodwinds: Blue Tango, Mama My Own, 10 more.

874. Jambalaya, Sweet Nothin's, I'm Sorry, Fool #1, As Usual, more.

926. Three star triangle: Title hit, Homesick, Fairytale, and 9 others.

925. Title tune, No One To Cry To, Don't Touch Me, Paper Mansion, more.

792. I Don't Hurt Anymore, A Fool Such As I, Miller's Cave, etc.

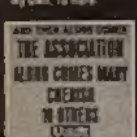
793. Try To Find Another Man, My Tears Will Go Away, Night Owl, etc.

805. Wilma sings I Love You Drops, I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry, others.

802. Talkin' To The Wall, A Girl Like You, Thanks A Lot, 9 others.

803. Smash title song, Cold And Lonely City, Early Morning Rain, etc.

808. Our hello title hit, I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry, other funky rockers.



834 • Hit Re-Run Mix: Message Of Our Love, Standing Still, etc.

811 • Title tune, My Tears Are Overdue, Man With Broken Hearts.

835 • Am I Saying Too Much I'd Have To Go, Scarlet Ribbons

838 • Do No Wa, Shanty Chevy, Red Rubber Ball, Monday Monday

817 • Title song, Yesterday, Lara's Theme, Once I Loved, others

833 • Busted, Distant Drums, Detroit City, Van Gogh Comes A Socker

840 • Amigos Guitar, I'll Repossess My Heart, Mommy For A Day, etc.

842. Chet goes electric Spanish on I Love Paris, Al Di La, other hits.

843. Powerful performances of It Had To Be You, Deed I Do, more

845. Champagne music with a Latin tempo & sang: Bare Free, others.

846. The sound of today: I Fell For You, No Love To Break, others.

847. Kitty's road show, recorded "live." Sugar In The Gourd, some more.

848. Title hit, Sittin' Here Lovin' You, Misty Roses, For Baby, more.

849. Uptight, Run Away, Summer Wind, big title hit, 8 others.

865. Top collection of soul songs, sung by six of the greatest.

862. Title smash, Mexican Shuffle, Forgive Me, Boo Hoo, more.

854. I Don't Mind, Please Please Please, It's Not True, others.

827. Big title hit, Tip Of My Fingers, There Goes My Everything, others.

886. Sound Of Music, Yesterday, Ebb Tide, More, title song, more.

Yes! TOP STARS! TOP HITS! TOP LABELS! Any **4** Albums for **99¢**

Now you can choose from this greatest array of hit records in Club history! Not only outstanding albums by RCA Victor's own great stars—but top-star albums of *other* top labels... *other* top record clubs too! Yes, as a member of the *RCA Victor* Record Club, you have a really tremendous choice of albums from *all* major clubs...including those which charge you $5 to join! Enjoy sensational hits straight from the best-seller charts! Right now, you can take any FOUR—ALL FOR ONLY 99¢! What's more, you can start right away to share *all* the valuable benefits offered by the RCA Victor Record Club!

You Choose Every THIRD Record FREE!

As an active member, you continually get FREE RECORDS—one *free* for every two you buy after fulfilling trial membership. *Plus* a FREE SUBSCRIPTION to the *Music Guide*, the Club's fascinating monthly magazine *for members only! Plus* exciting extra bargains throughout the year!

You Need NOT Buy a Record Every Month!

With trial membership, you merely agree to buy as few as four more records within a year at regular Club prices: usually $4.98 or $5.98; with a small shipping-service charge added to each order. You need NOT accept a record every month. Choose the Club selection, any one of more than 250 alternates—*or no record at all that month!* Take your pick of RCA Victor, Decca, Coral, London, Atlantic, Atco, Deutsche Grammophon and many other world-famed labels! Choose records in *any* area of music: Popular, Classical, Country & Western, Broadway-Hollywood-TV, and Today's Sound for teens and *action* people of all ages!

SEND NO MONEY! 10-Day FREE Trial!

You'll be billed 99¢ and a small shipping-service charge—but only *after* you receive your records, *after* you start enjoying them. *Absolutely no risk!* If not delighted, return the records within 10 days, and forget the matter. You'll pay us *nothing*, you'll owe us *nothing!* YOU decide! Pick your FOUR records now, write their numbers on the special postpaid card... detach, and *mail it without money* TODAY!

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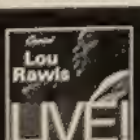
918. Title hit, Talking To The Wall, I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry, etc.



884. Southside Blues, Tobacco Road, Stormy Monday, and 9 others.

808. Great new country star sings hit title tune, Tender Years, more.

819. Maria Elena, Making Believe, Vaya Con Dios, A Stranger To Me, etc.

888. The Shadow Of Your Smile, Yesterday, I Will Wait, 9 others

870. Try To Remember, Quiet Room, Our Time For Loving, Raindrops, etc.

901. "Mr. Excitement" sings title hit, Who Am I, Just Be Sincere, more.

RCA VICTOR RECORD CLUB

...top stars...top hits...top labels!

HENRY MANCINI
VAN CLIBURN
JULIE ANDREWS
PERRY COMO
AL HIRT
SONNY & CHER
BERT KAEMPFERT
Now RCA RCA Victor Record Club...
offers you top-star albums of the
HEIFETZ
NEIL SEDAKA'S GREATEST HITS
GENE AUTRY'S GOLDEN HITS
PAUL ANKA'S 21 GOLDEN HITS
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THE BEST OF "FLOYD CRAMER"
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Midnight String Quartet with Harmonica, Piano and Rhythm
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MY CUP RUNNETH OVER ED AMES
MORE OF THE MONKEES
The Best Of JIM REEVES HE'LL HAVE TO GO FOUR WALLS
DOWNTOWN COUNTRY WITH CONNIE SMITH
CHRISTMAS WITH ERROL KENNEDY
A MERRY HENRY MANCINI CHRISTMAS / JOE HARNELL
CASINO ROYALE
MARY POPPING
COOL WATER
THE STRANGER
The Best of Henry Mancini
COMO
Glenn Miller IN THE MOOD, MOONLIGHT SERENADE, PENNSYLVANIA 6-5000
EXODUS
PIERCES
WEBB
THE VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA plays JOHANN STRAUSS
My Favorite CHOPIN
PATSY CLINE
A PORTRAIT OF
Kate Smith
HELLO VIETNAM / JOHNNY WRIGHT
BIG COUNTRY HITS VOLUME 1 TOM T. HALL
BORN TO SING CONNIE SMITH
AL JOLSON
You Send Me The Best of SAM COOKE
THE MONKEES
BALLADS OF THE GREEN BERETS
Glenn Yarbrough The Lonely Goatherd RECORDED LIVE
SOUND OF MUSIC
Lou Rawls LIVE!
JACK JONES
DON WILLIAMS
TRINI LOPEZ
SAMMY DAVIS, JR. I GOTTA BE ME
WHISPERS JACKIE WILSON
RCA VICTOR RECORD CLUB

916. Hit title tune, Born Free, Summer Wind, Copy Cat, 5 others.

923. Combo Latin rhythms in Guantanamera, Girl From Ipanema, others.

908. Eddy's great dates include Bouquet Of Roses, Anytime, etc.

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527. I'm Gettin' Better, Guilty, Am I Losing You?, Blue Boy, Home, others.

938. Connie sings Born A Woman, Everybody Loves Somebody, 12 gems in all.

6. Santa Claus Is Comin' To Town, Winter Wonderland, Up On The Housetop.

1044 COUNTRY'S YOUTHFUL LIONS IN THEIR PRIME! WYNN STEWART KENNY ROGERS THE FIRST EDITION

2. Silent Night, We Three Kings, Sleigh Ride, Frosty The Snow Man, others.

949. All his gayest with Kitty Wells, Loretta Lynn, Bill Anderson, 8 others.

1105 Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass: ditties in the fun Tijuana style of the years.

530. The glorious sound track with Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke.

292. Red River Valley, Wagon Wheels, The Call Of The Roundup, others.

942. Groovy group in title gem. She'd Rather Be With Me, We Belong Together, more.

536. Peter Gunn, Baby Elephant Walk, Charade, Mr. Lucky, Lujon, etc.

5. Soundtrack score: Exodus. Happy Talk. Some Enchanted Evening, etc.

124. Prisoner of Love, Till The End Of Time, Temptation, Wanted, etc.

145. Anatomy Of A Murder, Tuxedo Junction, Perdido, Sophisticated Lady, more.

250. Best-selling sound track. Title theme, complete score.

587. Honky Tonk Song, Someday, Missing You, Why Baby Why, others.

327. Tales From The Vienna Woods, Die Fledermaus Overture, others.

356. Sparkling display of keyboard mastery. Polonaise In A Flat, etc.

764. Lonely Corner, Only The Young, Since I Don't Have You, more.

758. His by great country star. Blue Moon Of Kentucky, Always, more.

764. Inspirational songs. Were You There?, title song, and others.

766. Bright Lights And Country Music. Rainbow At Midnight, title hit, etc.

651. Kitty Wells, Webb Pierce, Ernest Tubb, Patsy Cline, others.

574. Bring It On Home To Me, Having A Party, Only Sixteen, Sad Mood, etc.

812. Swinging new group at Last Train To Clarksville, Stepping Stone, more.

781. Album sensational in sparing Vietnam battle. Badge Of Courage, etc.

589. The World Is Not My Home, Stand By Me, No Tears In Heaven, more.

858. In-person recording. Only Love, Rose, The Wanderer, etc.

632. Julie Andrews and the original movie sound track. Do Re Mi, etc.

where the great stars are... other top record clubs too!

Any 4 RECORD ALBUMS for only 99¢

STEREO or Regular Hi-Fi

Worth up to $23.92 at regular Club prices

You merely agree to buy as few as four more records within a year at regular Club prices.

503. The talented Sonny sings You Baby, Podunk, more.

504. Pearly Shells, Blue Hawaii, Aloha Oe, Adventures in Paradise, more.

507. Rhythm & blues, groovy pops. Knock On Wood. Mustang Sally.

511. Bright, sunny songs: Springfield, Greener Pastures, Making Plans, etc.

512. Title song, Ain't Had No Lovin', Before I'm Over You, and 8 others.

513. Move saved track: title song, Silver Ribbons, Rainbow, others.

514. Big hit Gravity Bear plus Get Together, Give Me A Man, 8 others.

517. Broadway's best 17! Lovers! You Make Getting To Know You, more.

518. Bonny Bee, The Old Dog Record, Let Me Be The One, Flying South, more.

520. All time hits by Wayne Lanza: Because, You're Mine, etc.

548. Sugar Lips, Stranger in Paradise, Bourbon Street Parade, etc.

598. Password, Big Records, B.J. The D.J., This White Circle, etc.

918. 11 groovy hits: My Best Friend, Somebody To Love Me, White Rabbit.

521. Exciting new folk-rock group sings and sangs—Barred, Lonely Away, Night Owl, etc.

522. Top hits of "right now": Lara's Theme, Festival, and 10 more.

524. Eddy sings the title hit, I Love You Drops, Love Go By Most, 9 more.

524. You Keep Me Hangin' On, Love Is Like A Heat Wave, 10 others.

526. Smash title hit, I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry, Early Morning Rain, etc.

528. Our hello title hit, I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry, other funky numbers.

529. Three hit singles: Sweet Talkin' Guy, Tears Will Be Something Soon, Don't Touch Me, Paper Mansion, more.

532. Today Is The Way, A Girl Like You, Thanks A Lot, 9 others.

532. Today I'm The Way, A Girl Like You, Thanks A Lot, 9 others.

535. Wilma sings I Love You Drops, I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry, others.

538. Sweet little sing-along: Mockingbird, Down In The Boondocks, Downtown, more.

538. Sweet little sing-along: Mockingbird, Down In The Boondocks, Downtown, more.

542. Chet goes country! Sweet As I Love Pain, Al Dreamin' Of You, more.

545. Powerful performances of these To Be You, Georgia On My Mind, more.

545. Champagne music with a 14-piece string orchestra. Love Theme From Romeo And Juliet, more.

546. The sound of today. I Gotta Woo, No Close To Gone, others.

547. Kitty's true to life recorded "live." Sugar In The Gourd, many more.

548. Uptight, Key Away, Summer Wind, Big Side, Hot & Bothered.

550. Big collection of soul songs, sung by one of the greatest.

552. Big new hit, Try To Win Your Love, Other Man's Grass, more.

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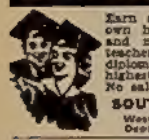

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Combined with Actual Detective STORIES

VOL. 36, No. 10 October, 1967

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In one of the most complex investigations in recent times, hard-working West Coast detectives had to follow a devious trail from one end of the country to the other in

THE ACID-KILLING OF BETTY PEACE

by GEORGE GOLDEN Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

THE TWO HUNTERS should not have been on the mountain fire trail that brisk autumn morning of November 11, 1966. But it was a holiday — Veterans Day — and they had entered the Angeles National Forest at a point where they had not noticed signs forbidding hunting because of the fire risk.

For despite recent rains, the fire hazard was still high and the U.S. Forest Service was taking no chances on firearms touching off a blaze in the dry brush.

However, if the two men had not gone hunting that day, and if they had not walked down that particular fire trail, the grisly corpse they stumbled upon might not have been discovered for months—much too late for any identification to have been made.

At the 3,000-foot level, the hunters rounded a turn on the brush-covered trail and found themselves staring in horror at the blackened figure, sprawled on its back, arms outstretched as if pleading mutely for help.

The two men got to within 12 feet of the corpse before they decided the victim was beyond help. Immediately they retraced their steps, and when they reached their car, drove back down the mountain to the nearest telephone.

They called the desk sergeant at the San Dimas substation of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department and reported their find. They were instructed to return to the point at Glendora Mountain Road where it met the fire trail and wait for the arrival of Deputy R. A. Keller.

The deputy arrived at the meeting place at 9:15 a.m. and walked down the 125 yards along the fire trail to the body. He reported:

"I observed the victim lying in the middle of the road. She appeared to be a young, female Negro. The victim was partly clothed and lying on her back. The body appeared to have been burned and was dead as observed by the partial decomposition of the body."

The homicide detail in the downtown office was notified at 8:50 a.m. and Detective Sergeants Charles W. Vaughn, along with Detectives Donald E. Plum and Richard Francis, arrived at the scene about 50 miles northeast of Los Angeles about 1 p.m.

In their report, the detectives observed that the once-beautiful young woman was nude from the waist up. The lower portion of her body was clad in a panty girdle and a pair of black net stockings. Most of her clothing appeared to have been burned off the body and portions of ankle-length, gold-colored Capri pants were found at the scene. No trace was found of her shoes.

Their first theory was that the young victim probably was dead prior to the time she was burned and then dumped on the seldom-used fire trail. They theorized that she had been burned to prevent identification. By examining the ground under the body, and comparing it to the surrounding area, they concluded that the young woman had been left there prior to the rains of November 6, 1966—five days before the body was found.

The body was removed to the Los Angeles County Morgue, where attempts were made to take her fingerprints for identification. Her hands were so badly mutilated, however, that only one print—that of her right thumb—held any possibility of being identified.

At the mountain slaying scene, the officer found portions of a burned bra, a bone-handled steak knife, a rubber O ring that appeared to be a seal for some type of container, a rubber glove turned inside out, a quart beer can, and a single gum wrapper.

Deputy District Attorney Mario Fukuto examines container which was used to pour sulphuric acid on unconscious girl

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Tags on this acid container are similar to tags a certain distraught housewife found in her trash can . . .

The rain had obliterated any trace of tire tracks, if indeed any had been there

The officers at first concluded that the body had been drenched with an inflammable fluid and set afire, but none of the Forest Service fire observers in the mountains could recall seeing any smoke in the area in recent weeks. For that reason, it was concluded the burning had taken place somewhere else.

Sheriff's detectives could find no record of the thumb print in their files and sent it on to the Bureau of Criminal Records and Identification at the state capital in Sacramento.

An autopsy was performed the following day by Deputy Medical Examiner M. S. Woodard. His examination revealed that the hyoid bone in the victim's neck had not been broken, thus indicating that the young woman had not been strangled. An examination of her head revealed that she had suffered two skull fractures — one a perforated fracture, the other depressed, but the examiner concluded that neither one could have been fatal.

He reported that the burns that covered 60 per cent of her body were unusual in that the hair on the body showed no traces of curling at the ends, as is usual in thermal burning. The fingers and toes appeared to be in early stages of mummification and were dry and crackly. Pending further tests, it was concluded that death had been caused by the massive burns on the body. And that possibly the burns could have been inflicted by acid.

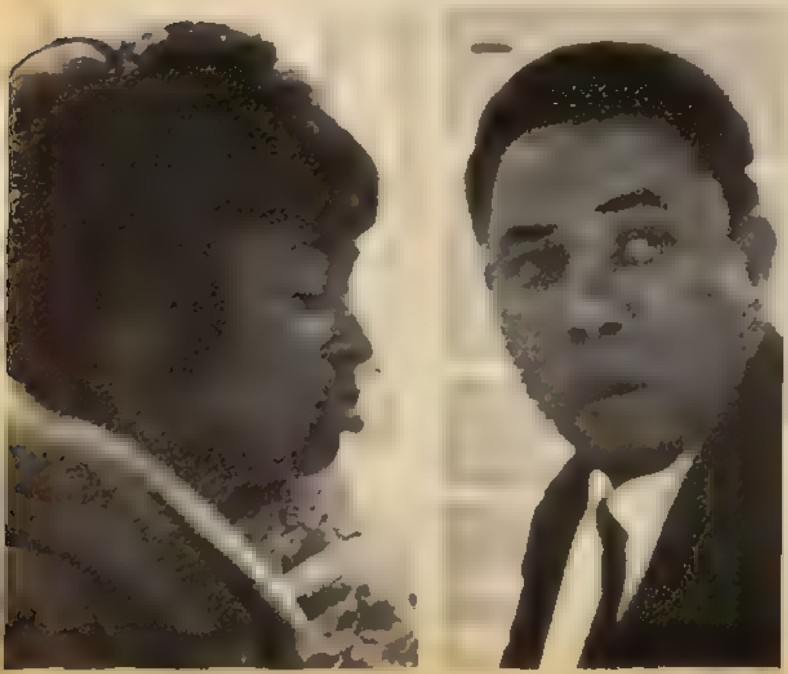
The first break in the case came on November 26th when the identification bureau in Sacramento reported that the Jane Doe found in Angeles National Forest was Betty Louise Peace, a 20-year-old Negro girl, 5 feet 1 inch tall, and weighing 115 pounds. Her California police record showed that she had been arrested in Los Angeles on September 7, 1964 on suspicion of burglary, but that she was released without a complaint being filed against her.

The original arrest report revealed that the pretty, shapely Miss Peace had been running around with a James Bradford Jr., 31, a burglar who specialized in entering motel and hotel rooms and stealing credit cards. His record was contained on a five-page "rap" sheet going back to 1951, when he was first arrested as a delinquent. The majority of his arrests were for burglary.

Los Angeles detectives sent a flyer to police departments across the country seeking information on Miss Peace and Bradford. From police departments in Chicago and Yuma, they learned several things.

● Betty Peace carried a North Carolina driver's license.

● Her home address and next of kin were listed as an aunt in Durham, North Carolina.



"I want to settle down," said Betty (l.), but her boyfriend (r.) didn't agree

● Miss Peace and Bradford apparently operated as a team, traveling around the country, remaining for only brief periods in various cities and then moving on. But their base of operations, or at least their roots, if indeed they had any, appeared to be in Durham, North Carolina

And that is where the attempt to unravel the cruel murder of Betty Peace began

There was no information available on Bradford's whereabouts, so sheriff's detectives sought to learn when and where the couple had been last seen or heard from. Durham police contacted the dead girl's aunt on November 28th and informed her that her niece was dead, the victim of a murder in Los Angeles County.

The heartbroken woman told police that she had last seen the girl on October 23, 1966 when she left home —with James Bradford!

She said her niece had known Bradford for about three years and that Bradford had been to her home several times during that period of time. In 1964, she said, the couple sent her a "Marriage Certificate" from Tijuana, Mexico, indicating they had been married there. She said the couple traveled under the name of Mr and Mrs. James Bradford but she felt some doubt that they were legally married.

Police intelligence indicated that Betty Peace and James Bradford were believed to be cocaine sniffers and that Bradford was part of a nationwide ring of credit card burglars. Members of the ring would steal credit cards in places like Yuma, Detroit, Chicago, etc., air mail them to places like Los Angeles, San Francisco or Miami, make their score before word of the credit card theft was reported, and then split the take.

The same intelligence sources also revealed that Bradford was a gentleman with expensive tastes and usually drove a late model Cadillac that was equipped with a bar and TV set. He had a weakness for expensive clothes and once paid $155 for a pair of shoes in an exclusive Las Vegas shop.

From the dead girl's aunt, the Durham police and Los Angeles detectives learned that Betty had returned to Durham on October 3, 1966 after an argument with Bradford and appeared to be determined to sever her relationship with the burglar. The aunt said Betty was tired of running from place to place and said the girl told her, "I want to settle down. I want a house. I want children."

And it appeared that with Bradford, she had little if any chance of getting these things.

When Betty was with Bradford, apparently, she was given the best and most stylish of clothing. She stayed in the best hotels, ate the best foods, and was given expensive jewelry and trinkets. The one thing she was never given, however, was cash which kept her from making any spur-of-the-moment trips away from Bradford When it came to cash, Betty was totally dependent on Bradford.

Her aunt said Betty had told her that Bradford had beaten her up a number of times, once pistol-whipped her, and had threatened to disfigure her if she left him. During October, 1966, Betty's aunt said Bradford had once called Betty long distance and

(Continued on page 48)

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ON MONDAY afternoon, April 17, 1967, two nine-year-old girls, Jacqueline Williams and Jeannette Wigmore, went out to pick wild flowers in a patch of woodland near the village of Beenham, England, where they lived. Jacqueline's 6-year-old sister, Caroline, wanted to go with them. But the two older girls, who were on their bicycles, soon left her behind and Caroline returned home alone at 5.30.

Dinner in the Williams house was promptly at 7 o'clock, and when Jacqueline was not home by that time her father, Terry Williams, grew concerned. His daughter and Jeannette Wigmore were lively, vigorous girls who were fast friends and always up to something together. But Jacqueline knew the household rules and she always came home before dinner time.

"Jackie and Jeannette went off on their bicycles to pick flowers," little Caroline told her father. "I wanted to go, too, but they wouldn't take me."

"Where were they going?" Williams asked.

"To Daffodil Woods, over by the gravel pits."

Williams' anxiety mounted. He had warned his daughter to stay away from lonely places like Daffodil Woods because of the tragedy that had struck the community the previous autumn. Beenham, a quiet farming village some 50 miles west of London had been in newspaper headlines throughout England because of the incredibly savage murder of one of its 501 residents, a 17-year-old girl who had worked as a nursemaid for children. Homicide detectives of the Berkshire C.I.D. and crime experts from Scotland Yard were still hunting for her sex-obsessed slayer.

Yolande Waddington had been killed on the evening of October 28, 1966, when she went out to mail a letter, and her body was found in a mud-filled ditch two days later. She had been stripped naked and her hands were tied behind her back. Her assailant, armed with a knife, had

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BLOOD WILL TELL— ON A MURDERER

by GEORGE VEDDER JONES
Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

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brutally molested the girl, then had stabbed her in the chest and strangled her to death with stout cord.

The police believed the sadistic slayer was a local man whose criminal nature was unknown to his neighbors, and they had used the most modern criminological techniques in their vain efforts to track him down. Their warnings that he might strike again were scrupulously heeded by the villagers at first. Women stayed home after dark. They kept a close watch over their children. Six months had now passed, however, and people had begun to relax their precautions.

But Terry Williams, who owned the local garage, had not forgotten that the sex slayer was still at large. He had been driving his daughters to and from school every day, and he had warned them repeatedly to stay near the house during play time.

Williams now telephoned to Tony Wigmore, Jeannette's father. Wigmore said his daughter had not come home yet and he too was worried.

"We'd better go and look for them,"

A panorama of murder surrounds Beenham, the "death village"

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ON MONDAY afternoon, April 17, 1967, two nine-year-old girls, Jacqueline Williams and Jeannette Wigmore, went out to pick wild flowers in a patch of woodland near the village of Beenham, England, where they lived. Jacqueline's 6-year-old sister, Caroline, wanted to go with them. But the two older girls, who were on their bicycles, soon left her behind and Caroline returned home alone at 5:30.

Dinner in the Williams house was promptly at 7 o'clock, and when Jacqueline was not home by that time her father, Terry Williams, grew concerned. His daughter and Jeannette Wigmore were lively, vigorous girls who were fast friends and always up to something together. But Jacqueline knew the household rules and she always came home before dinner time.

"Jackie and Jeannette went off on their bicycles to pick flowers," little Caroline told her father. "I wanted to go, too, but they wouldn't take me."

"Where were they going?" Williams asked.

"To Daffodil Woods, over by the gravel pits."

Williams' anxiety mounted. He had warned his daughter to stay away from lonely places like Daffodil Woods because of the tragedy that had struck the community the previous autumn. Beenham, a quiet farming village some 50 miles west of London had been in newspaper headlines throughout England because of the incredibly savage murder of one of its 501 residents, a 17-year-old girl who had worked as a nursemaid for children. Homicide detectives of the Berkshire C.I.D. and crime experts from Scotland Yard were still hunting for her sex-obsessed slayer.

Yolande Waddington had been killed on the evening of October 28, 1966, when she went out to mail a letter, and her body was found in a mud-filled ditch two days later. She had been stripped naked and her hands were tied behind her back. Her assailant, armed with a knife, had brutally molested the girl, then had stabbed her in the chest and strangled her to death with stout cord.

The police believed the sadistic slayer was a local man whose criminal nature was unknown to his neighbors, and they had used the most modern criminological techniques in their vain efforts to track him down. Their warnings that he might strike again were scrupulously heeded by the villagers at first. Women stayed home after dark. They kept a close watch over their children. Six months had now passed, however, and people had begun to relax their precautions.

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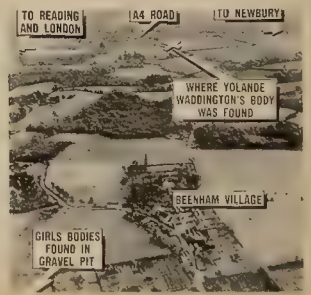
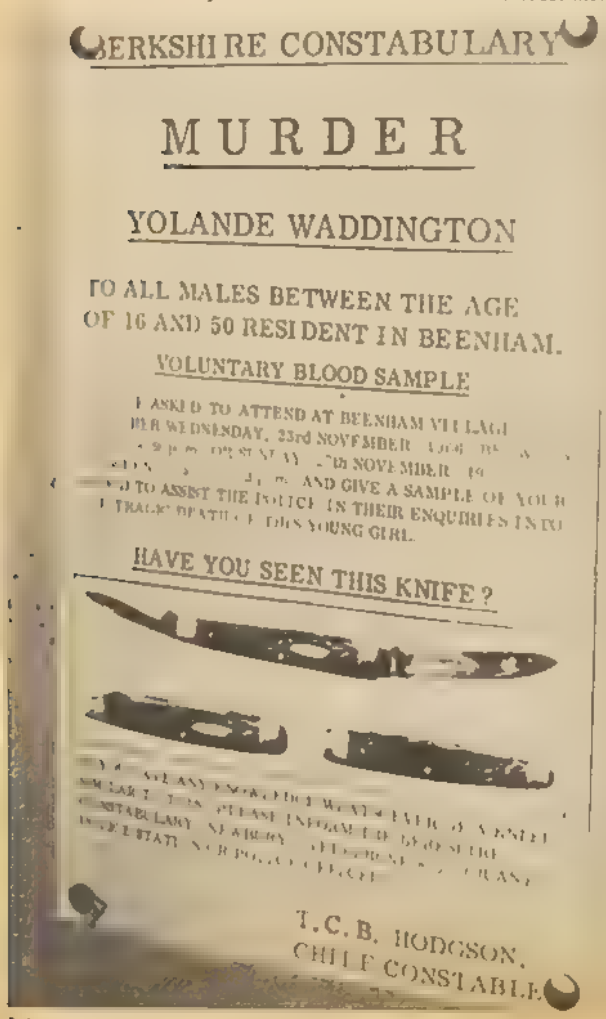


A panorama of murder surrounds Beenham, the "death village"

In a dark pub, village men nervously discuss the slaying, wondering if one among them might have young girls' blood on his hands . . .

Tests were run to try to match the killer's blood to a local man's


BERKSHIRE CONSTABULARY
MURDER
YOLANDE WADDINGTON
TO ALL MALES BETWEEN THE AGE OF 16 AND 50 RESIDENT IN BEENHAM.
VOLUNTARY BLOOD SAMPLE
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS KNIFE?
T. C. B. HODGSON,
CHIEF CONSTABLE

Williams said. "I'll pick you up in my car."

The two fathers drove out to the small patch of forest at the edge of the village. There they saw three men in an adjoining field, and Williams halted his car near them. They were standing over two bicycles, which lay abandoned in the grass. Terry Williams felt a stab of fear as he recognized the red one as Jacqueline's.

Charles Gillings, keeper of the local pub, said he and his companions had just noticed the bikes from the road and wondered whom they belonged to. "When there are children playing in the woods, you usually hear them," he added, "but we haven't heard a sound."

"The bikes belong to our daughters," Williams said anxiously. "They must be in there somewhere. Help us find them."

The five men made their way along a path into the woods, calling the girls by name. On either side of them were rusty oil drums, broken furniture, old tires and miscellaneous junk discarded by local people, which children used in playing their games. The woods were also a trysting place for teenaged couples. But at the moment it seemed to be deserted. The shouts of the searchers went unanswered.

The men fanned out and searched the woodland to the edge of an abandoned gravel pit, but Jacqueline and Jeannette could not be found.

Frantic with worry, Terry Williams ran back to his car and drove to a telephone, from which he called the local constabulary. A number of police officers arrived promptly, and as word that the girls were missing spread through Beenham, men left their homes to join the search in the fading daylight.

By a grim quirk of fate, 9-year-old Jeannette Wigmore was found by her own father. Tony Wigmore's wild cry of despair summoned the police to a muddy area of the woods near the old gravel pit. The pretty blonde girl, dressed in her play clothes, lay crumpled on her side, partially concealed by bushes. Clutched in her hand was a pathetic little bunch of wild flowers she had picked. There were three knife wounds in her neck, and though her body was still warm, she was clearly dead.

Her father, nearly hysterical with grief, had to be led away forcibly by friends.

The local police immediately contacted T. C. B. Hodgson, the Chief Constable of Berkshire. He notified Superintendent Walter Lawson, head of the Berkshire C.I.D., who left for Beenham with a crime lab unit. Then Hodgson telephoned Scotland Yard in London. An ace homicide investigator, Detective Superintendent William Marchant, was sent at once to Beenham to work with the Berkshire police.

By the time the superintendent reached the murder scene, Superintendent Lawson had arrived with a score of police officers and detectives and two police dogs. The village was usually dark at this hour, but now lights burned everywhere and all the men had gone to Daffodil Woods to join in the hunt for Jacqueline Williams.

Floodlights, operated from a portable generator, were set up and in their eerie glow, long ranks of men at arm's length beat through the woods searching the underbrush. The dogs were given the scent of Jacqueline's clothing. They followed it eagerly from the bicycles into the woods, then lost it.

But at last, at 11:35 p.m., one of them began straining at his leash and

Search party found girls' bikes *(below)*, then their bodies. A magnetic mower *(above)* was used later to comb pit for sharp death blade

led his handler out of the wooded area to a pool of shallow water at the edge of the abandoned gravel pit. There the dog set up a sharp, excited barking.

The pool was about 10 yards from where Jeannette Wigmore's body had been found. In it, barely covered by six inches of water, the body of Jacqueline Williams lay face up. Superintendent Marchant was called and the limp little corpse, fully clothed, was carried out to dry ground. No wounds could be found on her body and it appeared that she died of drowning in the shallow water.

When the grief-stricken father, Terry Williams, had identified the body, he was driven home and he and the girl's mother were both placed under a doctor's care.

Professor Keith Simpson, the Home Office pathologist, soon arrived from London with Superintendent Wallace Virgo, who had been in charge of the investigation into the murder of 17-year-old Yolande Waddington.

Professor Simpson, examining Jacqueline Williams' corpse first, said he could discern faint red marks on her neck. He believed the girl had been grasped by the throat, forced backward into the shallow pool and held with her face under water until she drowned.

Upon examining Jeannette Wigmore, he said she had apparently been seized from behind by her attacker, who stabbed her three times in the neck with a short, thin-bladed weapon, either a pocket knife or a small paring knife.

"She bled profusely and the killer must have got blood on his clothing," he told Superintendent Marchant. "Also his shoes would be covered with mud from the soggy ground."

He added that he believed Jacqueline had been attacked first. Jeannette had then fled for her life, but the slayer had overtaken her in the gravel pit, thrown her to the ground and held her under water. He said that both girls had been dead since about 6 o'clock. As far as he could determine, neither had been sexually molested

Professor Simpson had been the pathologist in the Yolande Wadding-

ton case in October and had carefully examined the 17-year-old girl's brutally desecrated body. Superintendent Marchant asked him whether he believed the same sex-obsessed slayer had murdered the two little girls. The medical man would not commit himself definitely, but he said that the nursemaid had been slain with a weapon similar to the one used on Jeannette Wigmore.

Detectives had already fanned out through the woodland searching for the murder weapon, and Superintendent Lawson sent others out in cars to see whether nearby residents had heard screams or seen a man near the woods during the late afternoon.

When the bodies of the two little victims had been taken to a mortuary, Superintendent Marchant set up his temporary headquarters in the mobile police unit, parked near the crime scene. There he asked Superintendent Virgo for a thorough briefing on the Yolande Waddington murder. Virgo, who had lived with the case for six months, pointed out that the slaying of the teenaged brunette had occurred about two miles away, on the other side of the village. Still he believed that the same man might have killed the little girls.

"Yolande Waddington was just a normal, healthy adolescent," he said. "She wasn't overly pretty, but she had lots of dates with boys. Everyone knew her because she'd worked as a petrol pump attendant in the village. Then she got a job as a nursemaid for a well-to-do family on a farm nearby.

"She'd only been there a week when she walked into town on the evening of October 28th to mail a letter. On the way back, she stopped at a pub, the Six Bells, to buy some cigarettes. That was the last time she was seen alive.

"After an intensive search, her nude body was found in a ditch along a lonely road just outside the village," Superintendent Virgo went on. "But it appeared that she had been murdered somewhere else. We examined all nearby buildings, and her clothing, soiled and torn, was found near a blood-drenched straw pile in an old barn."

As Superintendent Virgo reconstructed the case, Yolande had either accepted a ride or been forced into a car by her slayer, who took her to the barn. There he lashed her wrists together and tore off her clothes while she lay helpless.

There was no telling how long she was held captive and forced to submit to cruel indignities. At last her slayer plunged a knife into her chest so she would not reveal his identity, then strangled her to make certain she was dead. Afterward he drove her body to the ditch and dumped it.

"We were certain he was a resident of Beenham because he knew about the old barn and the muddy ditch—which was an excellent hiding place for the body," Virgo continued. "Then we made an important discovery . . .

"Tests showed that some of the blood on the straw pile was not the victim's. Her assailant had cut himself somehow while slashing her with the knife.

"I'd just heard about the new breakthrough at the police crime laboratory over at Aldermaston—how they had been able to break down human blood into many more classifications than the standard groupings. According to the method they have developed, it's almost possible to identify a drop of blood with the person it came from. I conferred with the Chief Constable and the head of the laboratory, Dr. Ian Holden, and we decided to ask for blood samples from all the 190 men between the ages of 18 and 50 in Beenham."

Superintendent Virgo explained that the specimens had been taken by doctors and nurses at the village hall and duly processed. Everyone had cooperated, he said, and the result seemed encouraging, at first. It was found that 183 of the men had blood of different sub-groups from the blood found on the straw pile—which ruled them out. That left seven possible suspects in the case, and all of them were exhaustively investigated.

"But it didn't turn out the way we'd hoped," Virgo went on sadly. "Four men had air-tight alibis, and we could find no evidence at all against the other three. That meant the killer probably lived somewhere else in the county—although near enough to be familiar with the terrain around Beenham.

"And so in recent months we've been driving around questioning people farther away. We've talked with 4,000 men so far, and taken blood specimens from many of them—and we're still looking for the slayer."

Superintendent Virgo pointed out, however, that whether or not the little girls had been killed by this same man, the police work already done would be of great value to the present investigation.

Superintendent Marchant asked to examine the results of the blood tests and the statements of the seven temporary suspects in the Waddington case. Then, since it was quite possible that a different killer was involved, he sent detectives out to knock on every door in Beenham. Although it was well after midnight, the villagers were aroused from sleep and asked whether they had seen a man with blood on his clothes and muddy shoes.

Marchant then contacted Scotland Yard officials in London and arranged for 130 police officers, some of them from nearby counties, to take part in the manhunt for the little girls' slayer.

That night, a small army of newsmen and photographers descended on Beenham, and Tuesday morning's London papers carried headline stories of the two new slayings in "Murder Village," as they now dubbed it. A television news crew also arrived and did a live broadcast from the scene of the crime. By evening, people all over England shuddered with horror over the two little girls who had been slain while picking wild flowers.

And Beenham became a village of fear and suspicion. On instructions from the police, the children were escorted to and from school in groups by their mothers, and afterward they were kept indoors. The apprehensive villagers were convinced that the slayer was one of their own number—some ordinary citizen whom they saw daily and whose darker nature they had never realized. Every man in town became a suspect, and residents began calling the special telephone number of the murder investigation headquarters to report suspicious activities of their neighbors.

The police continued to trudge from door to door in Beenham and the surrounding area, asking questions and taking statements. The seven temporary suspects in the Waddington case were thoroughly requestioned—but nothing could be found to connect any of them with the new murders.

During the next few days, more than 50 police officers continued to search for the knife used to kill Jeannette Wigmore. The underbrush and dead leaves in the woodland were gathered up and burned, and police officers went over the ground with mine detectors.

Then the scientists from Aldermaston brought in a strange device recently developed in the crime laboratory. Shaped like a big lawn mower, it consisted of 216 powerful magnets on a rotating cylindrical surface. As this machine passed over the soil, it would pick up every bit of metal, even in mud and shallow water.

Police officers spent many hours dragging this metalfinder over the woods and the adjacent gravel pit. It picked up all kinds of discarded metal objects including old rusty knives of various types. But it failed to uncover the small, thin-bladed murder weapon.

Several pools of water in the gravel pit were drained and great quantities of mud were put through a sieve. Frogmen also investigated the depths of a nearby pond. Still the knife was not discovered.

The only thing of possible interest to be found was a girlie magazine containing photographs of nearly nude models in provocative poses. The detectives thought it might have been left behind by the little girls' slayer.

In the week after the murders, police drove about the countryside and questioned 700 persons, including 88 schoolchildren, seeking someone who had been near Daffodil Woods and seen the slayer. They talked with a mail carrier who said he had seen the girls riding toward the woods on their bicycles at 5:30 p.m.

Then officers found two farm workers who reported that they had been walking past the woods at 6:15 and had noticed a young man emerge from a forest path and head toward the road. They said he was about 20 years old, had longish brown hair and was dressed in work clothes.

"He was walking very fast, almost running," one of them said, "as though he was anxious to get away from there. We had a pretty good look at him, and we might recognize him if we saw him again."

This man, whoever he was, seemed a likely suspect, but the detectives could find no one else who had seen him. However, three children who had been in the woods earlier in the afternoon reported seeing a middle-aged woman in a sweater and slacks who arrived on a bicycle.

"She's a bird-watcher," a little girl told Detective Sergeant Alan Chapman. "She comes there with her binoculars and walks around looking for birds and writing things in a notebook. We've seen her before, and she was still there when we left at half-past four."

Sergeant Chapman talked with nearby residents who identified the woman as Mrs. Cynthia Wendell, of Newbury. Then he told Superintendent Marchant about the bird-watcher and they drove together to the nearby town, where they found Mrs. Wendell at home.

She confirmed that she had been in the woods that Monday but said she had left a little before 6 o'clock. "I heard the voices of children and they may have been Jeannette and Jacqueline," she said. "But I didn't see a man in work clothes."

However, Mrs. Wendell said she had seen *another* man, and that he had been walking slowly along the road bordering Daffodil Woods, pushing his bicycle.

"He'd stop sometimes and peer intently into the woods," she continued.

(Continued on page 62)

Yolande was slain by a sex killer

◄ "Why don't you find the man I chased away?" sobbed this man to officers

Firemen put out blaze in the doctor's home, found his wife lying dead in charred rubble of living room shown here

MINNESOTA'S STRANGE SLAYING OF THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

by PETER OBERHOLTZER
Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

Minneapolis police thought they had pinpointed a prime suspect in the bizarre homicide, but they knew that before a conviction could be obtained, they'd have to prove conclusively that there never was a "bushy-haired intruder" . . .

LONG BEFORE the opening session had started on Monday, May 22, 1967, the Hennepin County District Court of Judge Rolf Fosseen in Minneapolis was packed with spectators. There were three principal attractions:

One was Judge Fosseen himself. He had presided at the sensational trial of T. Eugene Thompson, a successful Minneapolis criminal lawyer who had been convicted of engineering the murder of his wife to collect her insurance of slightly over a million dollars. Judge Fosseen had conducted the trial so well that it had withstood appeals all the way to the United States Supreme Court. Thompson is still serving a life sentence.

The second attraction was the defendant, a tall, slender, dark-haired young man with boyish features, who was prominent in the Twin City and said to be well-to-do.

The other, and certainly not the least of the headlined principals, was the defense attorney, F. Lee Bailey, the flamboyant, dark-haired, personable Boston lawyer who had skyrocketed to national prominence after his successful defense at the second trial of Dr. Sam Sheppard, who once had been convicted of killing his wife.

The 34-year-old Bailey, a former Marine jet pilot who flies his own twin-engine Lear jet plane, has caught the fancy of the press because of his seemingly boundless energy that has led him to defend clients in spectacular cases in at least 16 states.

But the early months of 1967 had not been quite as successful for Bailey. In Boston, he had defended Albert DeSalvo, the so-called Boston Strangler, charged with a series of assaults on women. Despite Bailey's efforts, DeSalvo had been ruled capable of assisting in his own defense At the trial, Bailey convinced just about everybody that DeSalvo really was the Boston Strangler, but it didn't help in the assault cases. He was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Then in Sarasota, Florida, Bailey tried to prove that Dr. Carl Coppolino's wife, Carmela, had died of a heart attack. But the jury chose to believe famed Dr. Milton Helpern, New York City's Chief Medical Examiner, who testified that Carmela had died of a fatal injection of a drug her husband was known to possess, and found Coppolino guilty of second-degree murder. Various maneuvers to win Coppolino's freedom on bond failed and he is now in the Florida State Penitentiary, serving a life sentence.

Another 1967 Bailey case was that of Charles Schmid Jr., 24, who, with Bailey and William Tinney of Tucson as his attorneys, had pleaded guilty to a second-degree murder charge in the disappearance on May 31, 1964, of 15-year-old Alleen Rowe, whose body had never been found. Bailey had come to Minneapolis in his jet direct from Tucson.

(A few days later, Schmid submitted a 35-page statement to Pima County Superior Court Judge Richard N. Roylston, charging that Bailey and Tinney had coerced him into pleading guilty. He asked for a new trial and promised, if it was granted, that he would lead authorities to the girl's grave. However, on June 19th, Schmid withdrew the request for a new trial, again pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to serve 50 years to life.)

However, the publicity buildup of Bailey had persisted and he still was

Christmas decorations, furniture tossed onto lawn present contrasting sight after blaze. Dr. Mitchell had run to neighbor's house, excitedly asked him to call fire department

During recess in trial, famed criminal attorney F. Lee Bailey *(left)* took his client, Dr. Mitchell *(far right)*, for ride in Bailey's jet plane, along with associate defense counsel Meshbesher *(glasses)* and Dr. Richard Olson

considered the glamour boy of the legal profession, especially after it had been announced that he would portray himself in a movie about the Sheppard case and that in the fall of 1967, he would have his own network television show.

But when he appeared in the Minneapolis courtroom on Monday morning, May 22nd, some of the charm was lacking. Bailey appeared to be nursing a cold and sat listlessly at the defense table, occasionally dabbing at his nose with tissue, while most of the questioning for the defense was done by his associate, Ronald Meshbesher, a young Minneapolis lawyer who displayed many of the qualities for which Bailey was noted

Under Minnesota law, each murder trial must be preceded by a hearing to determine what items of evidence to be offered by the prosecution and defense will be allowed by the judge. In most states, each item of evidence is ruled admissible or not by the judge as it is offered in the course of a trial.

Hennepin County Prosecutor George M. Scott had 40 items that he proposed to offer in evidence during the trial. These had been gathered following the crime which had occurred early on the morning of December 26, 1966.

At about 2:30 that morning in the Lake Nokomis area, a swank residential section of Minneapolis, a man carrying a child in his arms ran across a snow-covered lawn to the door of a home on Woodlawn Avenue. He rapped on the door until a sleepy man, drawing a robe on over his pajamas, opened it.

The man recognized the newcomer as his neighbor, Dr. John R. Mitchell, a chiropractor. The child in his arms was his four-year-old daughter.

Dr. Mitchell blurted that his house was on fire, that he wanted to call the fire department. As his neighbor opened the door to admit him, the neighbor's wife hurried forward and took the youngster inside. After the call had been made, Dr. Mitchell said his wife was trapped in the living room and he had to go back and try to get to her. The neighbor went with him

By the time they reached the modern one-and-a-half-story brick house, they could see that the living

Dr. Mitchell stated that his wife was depressed and tried to strangle herself

Det. O'Rourke testified that Mitchell said wife had ignited her own funeral pyre

Det. Krueger testified that he and other probers checked to see if there had been "bushy-haired intruder' in Mitchell house

room was blazing. Flaring brightly through the window, they could see the Christmas tree being consumed by flames.

The front door was locked from the inside and Dr. Mitchell ran around to the side door, through which he had left when he had caught the sleeping child in his arms and hurried next door to the neighbor's home.

Two rooms on the first floor were on fire—the master bedroom and the living room. Dr. Mitchell tried to go inside but was driven back by smoke and flames. He took a deep breath and made another attempt. When he was forced back this time, he was suffering from smoke inhalation.

By that time, the fire trucks had arrived and firemen were running forward to attack the blaze. They forced the front door open and went into the living room. While some battled the raging flames, others removed some of the more flammable objects such as davenports and overstuffed chairs.

It was then that they discovered the woman's body. She lay on her back on the living room floor and was surrounded by numerous articles—towels, bedsheets, bed coverings—all scorched or partially burned. They reeked of gasoline.

While the firemen continued to battle the flames in the living room and back bedroom, one called for an ambulance, another radioed for Joseph P. Woods, chief arson investigator who is nationally known for his work.

The ambulance arrived with Dr William C. Meyer, an intern at Hennepin County General Hospital. He examined the body of the woman, who was identified as Mrs. Nancy Mitchell, 34, and said she was dead.

Then Dr. Meyer examined Dr. Mitchell, also 34, and said he was suffering from smoke inhalation. Dr. Mitchell was taken to the hospital, where he was treated by Dr. Meyer. His condition was reported as not serious.

When the fire had been extinguished, officials found that extensive damage had been done in only the living room and bedroom. They estimated the loss at about $12,000.

Meanwhile, Investigator Woods examined the body of Mrs. Nancy Mitchell. Firemen told him that the material around it had been piled over the body until they removed it and found her beneath. After he had noticed that only parts of the body had been seriously burned, Investigator Woods said: "This is a case for the police. This is homicide."

He telephoned police headquarters and soon afterwards, Homicide Detective Russ Krueger arrived. Woods pointed out ugly marks on the dead woman's throat and neck, and half a dozen darkened bruises on her face and head.

"I doubt that you'll find any smoke in her lungs," he said flatly.

Then Investigator Woods methodically began gathering evidence. He sorted out the material that had been piled on the woman's body, all of it soaked with gasoline. There were several towels and bed coverings, all soaked with blood. There were a man's slacks and sweatshirt, and blood spots were on these, too.

They went into the master bedroom, where again gasoline fumes were evident. Woods pointed to a wall where blood had been spattered. Then they went into an adjoining bathroom, where still more blood was found.

Returning to the bedroom, Woods found a metal cigarette lighter whose base had been broken off, creating a jagged edge. He found the broken part, too, and both parts of the lighter were stained with blood.

While Investigator Woods remained at the fire scene to gather evidence, Detective Krueger returned to police headquarters, where he joined his partner, Detective Bob O'Rourke. They huddled with Captain Henry Deason, chief of Minneapolis homicide detectives, and Chief of Police Cal Hawkinson, who listened intently as Krueger related what had been discovered. It was agreed that Detectives Krueger and O'Rourke should go to the hospital to question Dr. Mitchell.

At the hospital, they found that Dr. Mitchell had been visited by his mother, that he had been treated for smoke inhalation and was in good condition. Dr. Meyer said he could be interrogated.

Dr. Mitchell was questioned at length about the fire, and about his relations with his wife. Finally, Detective Krueger said: "You'd better get a damned good lawyer," then informed Dr. Mitchell that he was under arrest. He was further informed of his rights, then was taken to the city jail, where he was booked on a charge of first-degree murder.

The body of Mrs. Mitchell was removed to the morgue, where Dr.

(Continued on page 44)

The discovery of the ravished bodies of two sisters who had been ambushed on their way home from school set off a massive police effort to catch

MICHIGAN'S HOMICIDAL GLUE-SNIFFER

by S. T. PETERS
Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

THROUGHOUT MOST of that Friday afternoon, April 28, 1967, tension had run high among the police officers of Westland, Michigan, a newly created city about 10 miles south of Detroit. At 4:07 p.m., when the call was channeled to Lieutenant Fred Dansby at headquarters, he grabbed the phone on the first ring.

In a voice that was obviously shaken, a young boy said he had found the bodies of two little girls in a field.

"Where is the field?" Lieutenant Dansby asked.

The teenager said the field was north of Marquette Road and about a block from Wayne Road

"All right, we'll get somebody out there at once," Lieutenant Dansby said, then gave a message to the dispatcher. Moments later, Patrolman Laurence Squire was dispatched by radio to the scene to investigate.

Officer Squire was one of 20 Westland policemen, including Chief Garrison Clayton and his second in command, Captain Ronald W. Holko, who had been cruising the streets, especially around the schools looking for a man suspected of being a deviate

About one o'clock that afternoon, a woman had telephoned the police that she had seen a man in a car trying to pick up little girls returning to school after lunch. She said the man was near the Cady School and about three-quarters of a mile from the Stottlemyer School.

Harry Howard, Superintendent of Wayne Community Schools, had been notified, and all cruising officers had been assigned to look for the man. Superintendent Howard immediately had alerted all school principals and had issued instructions to be given to all children.

Before school was out, the children all had been called together and the instructions passed on to them:

Each child was to go straight home. Each was warned not to go through fields and not to talk to anyone.

Since the first alarm had been broadcast, the police had been looking for the man, but they hadn't found him. And now....

When Patrolman Squire's car skidded to a stop on Marquette Road beside the field, two teenage boys came to meet him, just as two other police cars arrived. Captain Holko was in one, Detective Corporal Andrew Spisak in the other. They had picked up the message dispatching Patrolman Squire to the scene.

One of the young men said he was the one who had called the police. He introduced his companion as his stepbrother.

"Where are the bodies?" asked Captain Holko

The boy pointed to a spot that later was found to be 344 feet from the road. As they hurried towards the place, the youth explained how he had found the bodies. He said he lived across the street from the field.

"I was taking my dog for a walk and I was going through the field when the dog suddenly took off," he said. "I followed him. First I saw a piece of cloth, then what I thought were two manikins or dolls.

"I looked closer. There was blood on them. I saw they were two little girls. Their chests were not moving. I

Debbie Louise Crowther, 8, was strangled by sex deviate

knew they were dead. I turned away and ran home."

The teenager said he went home and told his step-brother and they returned to the field.

"They had pieces of cloth wrapped around their necks," said the young step-brother.

They said they ran back home and telephoned the police.

By now, the group had reached the spot in the field where the bodies lay. Captain Holko, a veteran of numerous murder investigations, just stood and stared in stunned silence for several moments.

The girls were nude, and one lay on her back. The other lay face down, one leg across the other's legs. Around their necks were white socks, apparently worn by one of the youngsters. The socks apparently had been used to strangle them.

"We're going to need help," said Captain Holko. Then, as he noticed a crowd gathering: "Try to keep these people out of the field."

Corporal Spisak and Patrolman Squire advanced to meet the people who had been attracted by the unusual police activity. They succeeded in holding them back to the edge of the field until a fire truck arrived minutes later with firemen who quickly roped off a wide area around the bodies.

Other police, including Chief Clayton, arrived presently and were followed shortly by Dr. John F. Burton, Wayne County Medical Examiner. While he made a preliminary examination, Captain Holko, Corporal Spisak, Patrolman Squire, Corporal James Hornbohl and Detective Paul Frost spread out and made a quick search of the immediate vicinity.

Not far from where the bodies lay was a clump of bushes. It was between the spot and the road and could have screened the attack from the view of passersby. Also, there was a construction project going on along Wayne Road, with the sidewalk blocked off, thus keeping pedestrians from the side of the street closest to the field. Either of these factors could have been the reason for the children having been attacked without an earlier alarm being raised.

"Whoever did it could have hidden in those bushes and waited for the girls to come along," said Captain Holko.

In response to his call for help, 20 officers, including all men who were off duty, arrived at the field. Captain Holko showed them the bodies, then began mapping out areas for them to canvass.

At this point, there was a commotion at the edge of the crowd as an officer helped a man through the lines.

"Oh, God, I hope it's not them!" he cried.

He was led to where the bodies lay. He collapsed momentarily, then, as a friend and a policeman supported him, he called out: "Kimmie! Debbie!"

The man turned away and staggered back towards Marquette Road, assisted by police officers and his friend. A woman who had been waiting across the street ran forward as she saw him and tried to go into the field. Police restrained her.

"It's them," the man said dully.

The woman fainted and was carried to a police car, where she was revived. The friend, who identified himself as a neighbor, said they were Mr. and Mrs. Crowther, and the little girls were their daughters, Deborah, 8, and Kimberly, 6.

The mother became worried when the girls failed to come home from school on time, but she couldn't leave her three-month-old daughter. She waited until her husband came home, then went to look for the girls.

About five minutes later, the neighbor said, the father said he was going to follow her and asked the neighbor's wife to baby-sit with the baby. The neighbor said he followed a few minutes later and found Crowther among the crowd at the edge of the field. Mrs. Crowther had been held back by police as she tried to get into the field.

Now, both parents were weeping. "I can't understand why anyone would pick on them," they sobbed. "I just don't believe it."

The neighbor accompanied them the short distance to their home and went inside with them.

"There's Debbie's sweater and book on the couch," Mrs. Crowther said. "That's probably where she left them when she came home for lunch. Now she won't come home again."

In the field, Captain Holko completed his instructions to the patrol-

Captain Ronald Holko ruled out a sadist called The Giggler as a suspect . . .

Kimberly Faith Crowther, 6, shared her sister's tragic fate

Corporals Andrew Spisak *(l.)* and James Hornbohl combed death field

Patrolmen Frost *(l.)* and Squire searched thicket, found empty glue tubes

men and detectives he had selected for the canvass and they moved out in every direction. Others moved among the crowd, questioning people who were neighbors, taking names and addresses and jotting down bits of information.

Around the bodies, the detectives found the clothing that had been ripped from the two little girls and tossed aside in the field not far away. The detectives also found a child's bracelet, a broken clasp, a small 45 RPM broken record and a box of marbles. These were gathered up to be sent to the State Police crime lab in East Lansing.

After his preliminary examination, Dr. Burton said the two girls had died of ligature strangulation, probably with the socks found around their necks. He said that there were indications that they had been sexually assaulted. He ordered the bodies removed to the Wayne County morgue in Detroit for autopsies.

In the thicket, the detectives found five empty beer cans. Had the killer been in the thicket, drinking beer and waiting for these or any other girls to come along? The cans were picked up gingerly and preserved with other material to be sent to the crime lab.

From various persons questioned, the officers learned that Kimberly and Debbie had been told not to cut across the field, but to stay on Marquette Road. However, a neighbor had seen the girls enter the field, hand-in-hand, after they left the Stottlemyer School, about four blocks away on Marquette Road.

The girls had followed instructions until a few days ago when a construction project had started along North Wayne Road. A big ditch blocked the sidewalk so that the girls would have had to walk out in the street. They apparently felt it was safer to take a diagonal course across the field, where they had played many times in the past.

While the canvass was still going on, the police encountered a man who obviously had been drinking too much beer. He was so drunk that he couldn't answer questions. He was taken to headquarters and held until he was sober enough to talk.

Tracking dogs were sent by the State Police and they picked up several trails in the field near the bodies. These led to five teenagers who lived in the neighborhood. These included the two boys who had led the police to the bodies in the beginning.

They all agreed to give statements and were taken to police headquarters. All the youths lived on streets across from the field and said they often went there, for exercise or to walk their dogs. All five were released.

Corporals Spisak and Hornbohl and Detective Frost continued to search the field, in which they found a lot of junk, obviously having no connection with the crime. However, they kept on hunting for clues in the big field, which covers several square blocks.

Captain Holko returned to headquarters to coordinate the investigation and to interview anyone who was brought in. Now 31, Captain Holko has had wide experience in police work, both in the United States and abroad. A graduate of high school in Detroit, he served four years in the Navy, where he became an electronics technician. Not satisfied with this, young Holko, after his discharge, attended an electronics engineering school in Detroit for a year to obtain his license as a Federal Communications Radio - Telephone Operator.

In 1954, Holko went to work as a patrolman for the Department of Public Safety in Oak Park, a Detroit suburb. Two years later, after an examination, he was promoted to detective, and five years later to sergeant. During those years, he attended various police schools and gained wide experience in police methods and tactics.

In Oak Park, as an acting lieutenant, he was in charge of the Tactical Unit, which responded to any police emergency, including riots. In this capacity, he was called on to help organize other units of the department and to help establish department policies to meet changing conditions, as well as to direct and maintain the records bureau.

Throughout this period, Holko continued to attend special schools at night or in spare time, still allowing some time for his family, a wife and two children, now 7 and 4 years old. He became not only an expert in criminal scientific investigation, with special emphasis on fingerprinting and firearms instruction, but in time, he became a trained instructor in those subjects and began teaching recruits, as well as setting up training programs for other recruit schools.

In September, 1964, Holko left the Oak Park department to become a police consultant and adviser for the United States Department of State's Agency for International Development, contracting to serve through June, 1966.

After a hitch as adviser to the Vietnamese National Police in Saigon, Holko returned to the United States and was assigned to the Far East Operations office to process procurement requests and give technical assistance to public safety operations in the Far East—Thailand, Vietnam, Korea, Laos, the Philippines.

Returning to Detroit at the expiration of his contract, Holko learned of vast changes made in the composition of Nankin Township. The proposal for change had been given an impetus late in 1965, when several women were assaulted by a man who became known as "The Giggling Rapist."

Two victims in one night were Nankin housewives who were slashed repeatedly and beaten by the assailant. Several other young women were attacked by The Giggler.

Housewives of the area became so concerned that they staged a march on the Wayne County sheriff's office, demanding protection. This was promised and many sheriff's detectives and police were assigned to the investigation—and to trying to protect housewives from a repetition of the attacks.

Taking matters in their own hands, many people went to nearby Toledo to buy guns, because it was simple to buy a gun there with few questions asked. Others bought guns through regular channels in Detroit. There was a run on bolt-type locks at hardware stores and throughout the area, porch and flood lights burned all night

Two suspects were picked up and held for a while, but eventually they were cleared and the giggling Nankin rapist still is at large. However, one result was an overwhelming proposal for the establishment of a new city, to be known as Westland. After the vote, early in 1966, there was the problem of setting up various city departments. One of the most important of these was the police department.

In July, 1966, Ronald Holko was available, just back from his tour with the State Department. He was teaching police recruits again and was a guest lecturer at Michigan State University. The officials of the new city engaged him to set up the police department, which would begin functioning on whatever target date was feasible.

(Continued on page 52)

Fire damage to upper stories of unoccupied old King mansion is shown by exposed rafters at rear of structure. Arsonist caused loss estimated at $80,000

The hunt for an elusive "torch" preying on luxurious mansions in the exclusive Harrison, New York area ran into one blind alley after another, until shrewd detectives devised a

TRAP

FOR THE FIREBUG ON MILLIONAIRES' ROW

by HAL WHITE

Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

IN MAY of this year a detective working out of the Harrison Police Department in the heart of the affluent Westchester County residential area north of New York City received a letter in which the writer expressed the ardent hope the officer would die violently and burn in hell. The letter was signed by the relative—himself a former peace officer and volunteer fireman—of a youth who was serving time in Elmira Reformatory.

To the dedicated cops and fire-fighters who daily risk their lives to protect the lives and property of others, there is nothing unusual in the receipt of denunciatory letters from the friends and relatives of those whom they are forced to send to prison. To Detective Pete Maxwell, the sentiments of the man who wished him ill in this world and the next were understandable, if not too palatable.

But to others familiar with the case of the firebug on millionaires' row, it was ironic that anyone should condemn the officer credited with almost single-handedly putting an end to a series of nocturnal fires which over a two-year period had caused millions of dollars in property damage and endangered the lives of scores of innocent persons.

The wave of incendiary blazes that culminated in the youth's imprisonment began in the winter of 1964, when a veteran fireman died while helping extinguish a conflagration in a crowded apartment house in the village of Harrison — a 12-family

structure that was doomed to be totally destroyed, along with half a dozen stores and other business places, before the year was out.

It ended abruptly some seven months later, after a pre-dawn blaze that destroyed the "old King mansion" on one of a dozen adjoining fashionable estates in the eastern part of the county.

The beginning of the end came when, at 2:15 a.m. on the clear and seasonably mild Saturday of September 10, 1966, Patrolman Frank Spinozza was on desk duty at Harrison Police Headquarters and a signal came in from Call Box 20, on Kenilworth Road east of the well-traveled Hutchinson River Parkway in the northern part of the township. The caller, speaking in a husky falsetto and obviously breathless with excitement, told Patrolman Spinozza:

"The King mansion on Red Oak Lane is burning!"

Pencil in hand, the officer asked his informant to identify himself. As he put the question, the other rang off.

Unable to check back on the call, Spinozza alerted fire houses in the villages of Purchase and West Harrison. Then he contacted two squad cars in the immediate area by radio-telephone, instructing them to proceed at once to the heavily-wooded estate on the outskirts of the county seat at White Plains.

Patrolmen Joseph Coviello and Thombas Catignola, in Cars 64 and 65, saw the night sky light up as they sped toward the weathered old house that recently had been purchased by the International Business Machines Company for conversion into a training center. Fire trucks with sirens screeching were pulling into the winding driveway leading up to the gabled manor house as they arrived.

Flames poured from the upper-floor windows of the sprawling frame and stucco building, threatening to spread to three other wooden structures on the estate. Black smoke billowed over the ancient oaks that surrounded the main building. The water inside the big house had been turned off months before, after the furnishings were removed. But nearby fire hydrants were operative, and members of the two fire companies had the blaze well under control before dawn.

Damages, later to be estimated at more than $80,000, were confined to the main building.

After the flames were extinguished, the Purchase fire chief, Peter Dotl, prepared a routine report in which he listed the cause as "unknown." The fire, he suggested, had broken out in a second-floor kitchen of the building, which had been "swept broom-clean and boarded up" months before. With the utilities cut off, there was no chance of defective wiring having caused the blaze. "Internal combustion" also appeared unlikely.

West Harrison Fire Chief Jack Bombace filed an additional report, noting that the flames probably would have spread to adjacent buildings had not an alert passer-by called in to advise the authorities before the fire in the main building got well under way. The district manager of IBM had been notified at his home in nearby Stamford, Connecticut, and a detailed report on damages would be forthcoming.

Det. Maxwell had probed report that gang of thieves was using deserted mansion to stash loot

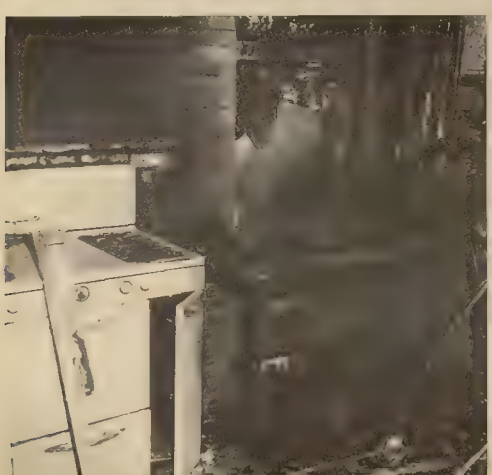
Lt. Agostinelli: "We've got to stop these fires before someone is burned to death!"

Copies of both these reports, along with notations by Patrolmen Spinozza and Coviello were on the desk of Lieutenant David E. Agostinelli, chief of the Harrison Detective Bureau, when that officer reported for duty on Monday morning. Since the outbreak of the unexplained blazes more than two years before, Lieutenant Agostinelli and his men had been working closely with fire department officials, insurance underwriters and others involved in a long and fruitless investigation into the post-midnight conflagrations. Arson, though suspected in every case, had not been proved. No motive for the setting of the fires had come to light. A number of suspects had been investigated and a few transients, juvenile delinquents and mental defectives were picked up for interrogation, but the identity of the incendiary —if incendiary there was—remained a mystery.

After checking through the routine reports, Lieutenant Agostinelli called in Detective Peter Maxwell, a personable, youthful-appearing 16-year veteran of the department who, since his elevation to the Detective Bureau three years before, had established an impressive record in dealing with juvenile offenders.

"Pete," Agostinelli began, "we've got to put an end to these incendiary fires before someone is burned to death. And it's beginning to look as though you're the man who can do it. Weren't you out to the old King mansion several months ago, in connection with an investigation into reports that a gang of juveniles had broken into the place and were using it for beer and sex parties?"

"I was out there, and spent most of the night waiting for a gang of suspected burglars to show up," replied Maxwell. "But they weren't a bunch of kids out for a lark. We'd received information that thieves responsible for a series of house and store breakins in the area were using the old King house as a hiding place for their loot. My informant told me he had heard they planned to pull a job that



Police believed firebug started costly mansion blaze by igniting wood on counter next to kitchen stove

This youth came under suspicion when it was reported that a turquoise sedan resembling his had been spotted leaving scene of mansion fire

night, and would probably stash any loot they got inside the empty house."

"So you waited all night for them to show up and nothing happened?"

"That's right. I learned later that the guy who took me on that wild goose chase was having an affair with a teenage girl, although he was married and the father of a child. He'd heard another guy was trying to make out with his girl friend, and made up his mind to get even. He suspected that his rival, along with other youngsters in the neighborhood, were using the old mansion for their necking parties. He figured they might show up there that night. But they didn't—and that was that."

"Well, you'd better get out there and look the place over," Lieutenant Agostinelli suggested. "It's just possible those kids have been using it as a midnight hangout, although the firemen evidently saw no signs of a break-in. In any event, we can hardly blame teenage revelers for all those other fires. Most of those occurred in stores, apartment houses and other occupied buildings."

Before leaving headquarters, Detective Maxwell talked with the two squad car patrolmen who had hurried to the scene of the conflagration two nights earlier. Officer Cutignola said he had pulled up at the entrance to the estate, and remained there directing traffic until the blaze was under control. He had seen nothing, heard nothing to arouse his suspicion.

Coviello had a more interesting story to tell. "I parked my squad car across the street from the police phone box on Kenilworth Road from which the call had come in," related the radio car officer. "As I pulled up, I noticed three youths leap into a late-model, turquoise-blue sedan and speed off."

"Did you attempt to follow 'em?" Coviello was asked.

"No, there was too much to do right there during the next few minutes. Fire apparatus and volunteers in their private cars were converging on the scene. People came running as the sirens sounded. But I got the license number of that Chevy sedan that sped off."

Patrolman Coviello referred to a notebook as he spoke. The license number of the suspect car was WX 5213, he informed Maxwell.

The number meant nothing to the Harrison detective. But the description of the car in which three youths were seen speeding off as the patrolman arrived at the call box had a familiar ring.

Six months before, he had followed a car of that description out to the old King mansion, where he had been told a gang of burglars was expected to appear with their loot.

Before checking out the license with the State Motor Vehicle Department in the hope of confirming a suspicion that the driver of the turquoise sedan had been there before, however, Detective Maxwell returned to the scene of the latest in the long series of incendiary fires.

There he found H. Grau Jr., a facilities operations director for the IBM company, and Joseph Butler of the Arson Bureau of the American Insurance Association, who had both been alerted the day before. Grau confirmed fire department reports that the building had been boarded up and was empty of furnishings except for a disconnected gas stove in the second-floor kitchen where the flames were

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The curious Case of

IOWA'S STRIPTEASE BANK ROBBER

by W. T. BRANNON
Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

Police and FBI agents thought they had seen everything in bank robbery MOs, till they learned about the strange behavior of the oddball who stuck up the Urbana Savings Bank

Cashier John Suchomel *(l.)* tells Deputy Sheriff Burch how bandit walked into bank, looted it of $8,400

ON MONDAY afternoon, May 15, 1967, the slender, neatly dressed man stepped forward as his name was called in United States District Court in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He listened impassively as Federal Judge Edward J. McManus addressed him and then began talking...

For the man now before the bench, this was the culmination of a case that had its beginning in the early afternoon of Thursday, January 19, 1967. The cards were stacked against him almost from the start.

About one o'clock that afternoon, John Suchomel, cashier of the Urbana Savings Bank in Urbana, Iowa, returned to the bank from lunch and found it deserted. There were neither customers nor employees.

Almost immediately, Suchomel realized that the bank had been robbed. The teller's drawer stood open and it was empty. A cart used to transport money from the vault bore a container that also was empty. When the cashier looked in the vault, he found it virtually devoid of money.

When he hurried to his desk to telephone the office of the Benton County Sheriff in nearby Vinton, he found that the phone wires had been cut.

It was at this point that the bank bandit got one of a series of bad breaks. Chief Deputy Sheriff Harold Burch and Second Deputy Gene Callaway walked into the bank. They were there on a routine legal matter —the garnishment of a bank account.

But Cashier Suchomel quickly told them about the missing money, the severed telephone wires, and the absent teller.

After grabbing cash, stickup man forced teller, Mrs. Bonnie Richart (above), to disrobe, took her hostage

"Who was supposed to be here?" Burch asked.

Suchomel said that when he had left for lunch, Mrs. Bonnie Richart, 28, the blonde teller, was on duty

"Something must have happened to her," he said. "She must have been kidnaped."

Chief Deputy Burch hurried to his car radio and soon was in touch with the sheriff's office in Vinton, reporting what little he knew of the robbery. "You'd better notify the FBI in Cedar Rapids," he concluded.

Returning to the bank, Burch said: "We might get a lead if we knew who was in the bank while you were at lunch. Can you tell us that?"

Cashier Suchomel checked deposit slips, which had not been disturbed, and the last customer to do business at the bank was found to be a service station operator. He said he had left the bank at 12:40 p.m., and there had been no customers there then. He said Mrs. Richart was at the teller's window. Since the cashier had returned at one o'clock, this meant there was a period of only 20 minutes when the robbery could have occurred and the teller kidnaped.

"When I came out the front door, he must have come in the back door," the service station man speculated.

The cashier said the back door seldom was used, although he recalled that an Urbana school teacher who had recently opened an account at the bank had entered through the back door shortly after noon, just before he went to lunch.

"Let's try the back first," said Deputy Burch. "Maybe somebody saw him."

They began a canvass and soon came to a barber who said he had driven behind the bank earlier that day. He said a man in a blue Falcon had been parked behind the bank and pulled aside to let him pass.

"Did you recognize the driver?" Burch asked. He knew that Urbana was a small town of only about 600 population and that virtually all the residents were acquainted with each other.

The barber said the driver was a stranger and the car was not one normally seen in the community.

"Can you describe this stranger?" Burch asked.

The barber said he couldn't give much of a description. He said he did note that the driver was a Negro. This in itself was rather unusual because there were very few Negro residents in Urbana

Meanwhile, special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation had arrived from Cedar Rapids, a metropolitan city of over 100,000, about 25 miles to the southeast. They joined the deputies in a fast canvass of the business section of Urbana, stopping all passersby, both pedestrian and motorist.

A man walking past the bank told the agents that he had seen a light blue Falcon headed north out of Urbana on State Highway 103. From there it could have gone due north toward Minnesota. It also could have veered westward and picked up a road leading to Waterloo, Iowa, in neighboring Black Hawk County.

Continuing the canvass, the agents questioned a motorist who had just driven into Urbana from the northwest. He said he had seen a light blue Falcon heading north toward Independence. He said a man was at the wheel, and that a woman was in the front seat beside him. He was driving with his left hand and it appeared that he had his right arm around the woman, the motorist said.

A statewide alert was broadcast for the blue Falcon and particular attention was given to the search for it by deputies of Benton, Buchanan and Black Hawk Counties between Urbana and Independence and between Urbana and Waterloo.

Several Falcons in varying shades of blue were stopped, but the drivers were allowed to proceed after they had satisfied officers that they had no connection with the robbery and abduction.

More than two hours passed before Black Hawk County Deputies Marvin Kott and Arnold Marsh, who had been participating in the hunt for the Falcon, spotted one going southeast towards Brandon at a high rate of speed.

It was traveling so fast that the deputies had no hope of overtaking it by the time they had swung around and pointed their patrol car in the same direction. As they went after the Falcon, Deputy Kott radioed ahead to Marshal Joe Johnson of Brandon, a small community about three miles ahead and about 30 miles northwest of Urbana.

"The blue Falcon is headed your way very fast," Kott said. "A blonde woman is at the wheel. Maybe you can stop her."

Marshal Johnson left his trailer home and swung out onto the highway. As he did, he could see the Falcon, literally a blue streak, coming his way. He began signaling for the driver to halt.

With a screaming of brakes and the protest of skidding tires, the Falcon jolted to a stop. The two deputies were close behind and arrived beside the driver about the same time as

After making getaway, masked holster abandoned car and hostage, fled on foot. Deputies Kott *(l.)*, Marsh spotted Mrs. Richart in car later, came to her aid

Marshal Johnson in his car.

The officers were astonished to find that the blonde at the wheel was almost nude. She wore only a brassiere, shoes and stockings. She was shivering.

Deputy Marsh quickly removed his overcoat and handed it to the young woman, who said only: "Thank God you're here!"

But she was so upset she was unable to say much more at the time. Deputy Marsh drove her to the marshal's home, where Mrs. Johnson was waiting to see what had happened. As soon as her husband told her, she went inside and brought out a bed cover. The blonde woman wrapped herself in it and was escorted into the trailer.

Deputy Kott had radioed the news to Sheriff Paul Berry, who notified an FBI special agent who was in the bank at Urbana. The agent and the cashier's wife left at once for Brandon.

By the time they arrived, half an hour later, the blonde, who identified herself as Mrs. Bonnie Richart, the missing teller, had regained most of her composure and was able to tell the agent and deputies what had happened. She gave this account:

At about 12:45, shortly after the service station operator had left, with no customers in the bank and Cashier Suchomel out to lunch, a lone man came in the back door. He had on a dark ski mask, a gray sweater, black pants and shoes and brown work gloves.

He carried a pistol in his right hand and informed her it was a stick-up. He produced a red plastic bag, and ordered her to put money in it from the cash drawer at the teller's window, from the portable cart and from the vault.

After she had given him most of the money from the vault, he told her to remain in there and take off her clothes. He ordered her to put them in the bag on top of the money. When she had removed everything but her shoes and stockings, he told her to put on her coat, which he handed to her.

Then he ripped out the wires leading to the four telephones in the bank, brandished the gun and commanded her to come with him. He led her out the back door and ordered her into the front seat of the blue Falcon, which was parked behind the bank, its engine running.

He slid behind the wheel and drove off, forcing her to crouch under the dash until they were out of town. Then she was permitted to sit up in the front seat, but he kept the gun pointed at her all the time.

They went through Brandon first, and again he ordered her to get down under the dash so that she couldn't be seen as they passed through the town. Afterwards, he turned the car in the direction of Independence, where she was forced to crouch a third time until they were out in the country. Now, the man turned west and drove toward Waterloo, a city of about 75,000 in the central part of Black Hawk County.

During the trip, the bandit kept his ski mask on and she didn't get a good look at his features. However, she said she could see part of his neck under the ski mask and when she had to crouch she saw his ankles. She said she was sure he was a Negro.

"He said if I tried anything he would shoot me and that if we were stopped I must try to get him out of it," she related.

She said that during the trip the abductor told her that his wife had

Mrs. Richart testified to harrowing ordeal as captive of the masked bandit

cancer and that he needed at least $8,000 to take care of her.

He drove on into Waterloo and stopped. He ordered her to remove her coat. This left her nude except for her shoes and stockings.

"He told me to stay down for five minutes before doing anything. He said I would find my clothes under the front seat. But when I looked all that was there was my bra."

After he got out of the car and left, she put on the bra, the only garment she could find, and drove out of Waterloo, heading for the home of a girl friend who lived south of Brandon. That's where she was going, she said, when she was stopped by Marshal Johnson and the deputies.

She said the man never removed the mask the entire time she was with him and she wouldn't know him if she saw him—except that she believed she would be able to identify his voice.

Mrs. Richart was supplied with clothes and by that time, her husband, who had been at work on his railroad job near Oelwein, had arrived. The harrowing ordeal over, she was taken home.

At the bank, Cashier Suchomel had determined that the loss was slightly more than $8,400. "He took everything we had," the cashier said. "He only left us a roll or two of coins to go on."

FBI agents had hastily scribbled a sign, "Robbery, no business. Do not touch door," and an agent with scientific equipment began dusting for fingerprints.

The sign posted on the door helped to spread the news throughout the small town and brought many spectators to the vicinity of the bank. FBI agents and deputies began questioning them, giving particular attention to the people who lived near the bank or who had businesses nearby.

In Waterloo, the Black Hawk County deputies checked with city police and learned that the blue Falcon had been stolen from the parking lot for employees of the John Deere Company in Waterloo.

When the owner of the car was questioned, he told of a strange occurrence that had puzzled him up to now. On Wednesday, when he had come back to the car, he had found a paper bag in it, one that he was sure he hadn't ever seen before.

That day, he had left his car in the parking lot, unlocked, with the ignition and trunk key in the ignition. Now, he decided he had better lock the car and take the keys. Even so, the car had been stolen a second time.

"That means," said an FBI agent, "that he went somewhere and had a duplicate key made."

The agents began searching in the area for locksmiths or hardware stores which made keys.

This young man was questioned after police checked on a liquor purchase

In Urbana, the questioning of residents and business people began to pay off. A merchant who operates a feed store across from the bank, said he had seen a Negro in a car in front of his store—and the bank—twice

The first time he drove past, and the store owner noticed him mainly because there are few Negro residents in Urbana and the presence of one in town was unusual. That was on Tuesday, January 17th.

The next day, Wednesday, January 18th, the Negro man parked in front of the feed store, the merchant said, and went to sleep. He said he woke the man up because the engine was running and he was afraid of carbon monoxide poisoning.

On this occasion, he got a good look at the man and he said would be able to identify him if he ever had the opportunity.

Several other persons told the agents that they, too, had seen the Negro man driving on the road the bank is located on. The agents began taking detailed statements from each of these witnesses.

In Waterloo, the FBI agents found a number of places where keys were made and all of them had made keys on January 18th.

"Suppose you let me see the original," one locksmith said. "Maybe it will give a clue."

From the owner of the blue Falcon, the agents obtained the keys, which were tied together with a white shoestring. They were taken back to the key stores, where various keymakers examined them. Most said they didn't recall having seen them before.

Then the agents went into the store of one locksmith who recognized the keys, mainly because of the white shoestring tying them together.

"Do you remember who brought them in?" an agent asked.

The locksmith said he remembered that it was a Negro man, whom he didn't know. But he said he thought he would be able to identify the man if he ever saw him again.

"Was anybody else in the store at the time?"

After giving this some thought, the locksmith said he believed that a certain customer was in the store when he made the keys. He said the man was a regular customer and the next time he came in, and that he would ask him to get in touch with the agents.

The blue Falcon had been towed to Waterloo, where technicians began going over it for fingerprints and other possible evidence.

From the owner of the car, the agents recovered the bag he had found in the car on January 18th, apparently the first time the car had been stolen. It was a liquor bag and bore the inscription of a west side liquor store in Waterloo.

The agents went to the liquor store and talked to employees. They said the bag was for a pint of liquor. There had been a number of Negro men in the store in the past few days and some of them the employees remembered. However, they didn't know the names of all of them.

One Negro man who was a regular customer had been in on January 14th and bought a pint of liquor. His name was Cleve Whigham and he lived in the neighborhood. The em-

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The big question was, how could a crime of such sheer brutality have been committed unobserved in a huge Long Island, New York apartment complex?

WHO WAS THE KNIFER AT HER DOOR?

by GEORGE CARPOZI JR.
Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

IT CAME as more than a mild surprise to Edward Carfero when he picked up the phone and heard his wife's voice. Christa Carfero didn't make it a practice to call her husband at the office unless it was urgent. To Christa this was urgent.

"There's a man here who says he came to fix the venetian blinds and windows," she told her 25-year-old husband.

Carfero was puzzled—and with good reason. He knew that whenever there was a repair problem in their garden apartment in West Babylon, Long Island, New York, the superintendent always notified them in advance that he was sending over a handyman. And the super had sent no such notice.

Carfero decided to have a talk with the man. He asked his pretty 21-year-old blonde wife to put the man on the phone.

"Before you do any work around the house," Carfero told him, "I want you to go back to the superintendent and get a signed statement that the management will be responsible for any damage to the carpeting and furnishings. It's raining and it's a very bad time to be doing this work."

Then Carfero spoke to his wife again.

"I don't know who he is," he told Crista. "Tell him to go away."

For the remainder of the afternoon, Edward Carfero remained at his desk doing his work as an assistant cost estimator in the offices of the Hughes-Treitler Manufacturing Corp., a precision sheet metal firm, in nearby Garden City. But his mind returned often to that phone call from Christa at one o'clock that afternoon of Wednesday, May 3rd. He wondered why his wife would have let the man, a total stranger, into the house without first checking with the superintendent. Then he also wondered if everything was all right—if Christa had gotten rid of the man without any trouble. And he also thought about their 17-month-old son, their only child.

He reasoned, however, that if there had been any trouble he would have

Vicious stab-slaying of Christa Carfero prompted police to probe possible link with the earlier murder of pretty Irene Brandt, 21-year-old Go-Go girl (above)

heard from Christa. So he waited until it was almost time to leave for home, at 5:45 p.m. Then he telephoned home. There was no answer. Carfero waited five minutes, then called again. Still no answer.

Carfero put on his coat and hurried out to the parking lot, got into his car, and started for home, a 20-mile drive. Each mile was an ordeal as he bucked the maddening Long Island homebound traffic crush, his mind now filled with worry and concern for his wife and child.

It was just past 6:30 when he drove into the tree-lined streets of the Country Club Garden Apartments development, a complex of 220 garden apartments. He parked and rushed to the front door of his apartment on the ground floor at 63 Farber Drive.

The door was unlocked He opened it and walked in and suddenly was numbed by what he saw. His wife, clad only in a bra, was sprawled on the floor in the hallway between the kitchen and the bedroom. Her body was completely covered with blood and the true horror of it all was the glimpse Carfero got of the stainless steel kitchen knife which still protruded from his wife's chest.

He had no doubt she was dead And now despite the shock and grief that swept over him, Carfero wondered about his son. He rushed into the bedroom—and there was the infant, safe and sound, in his crib.

Leaving the boy where he was, Carfero rushed to a neighbor's apartment, opened the door without knocking, ran in and cried, "Somebody murdered my wife!"

The neighbor, a good friend of the Carferos, went back with the distraught husband and saw the mutilated, lifeless body. He wasted no time. He rushed into the bedroom, took the baby in his arms, and hurried back with Carfero to the apartment next door to phone the Suffolk County police.

When the first radio patrol cars reached the scene, darkness was beginning to descend and the sight of the flashing red lights attracted a swarm of neighbors from their dinner tables in this closely-knit community. Two uniformed patrolmen went in to investigate the call, while two others remained outside to keep the curious away.

Within minutes they were followed by the first contingents of detectives, including several members of Suffolk's homicide squad headed by Captain Joseph Berni. Although Mr Carfero was in deep shock, he bravely submitted to the strain of questioning because he wanted to do all he could to assist police in their investigation. His thoughts had kept returning to that telephone call earlier in the day—and he told Captain Berni of his conversation with his wife and the handyman who had come to fix the blinds and windows.

It was not long before detectives determined that the man who had spoken with the husband was not a handyman at all, at least not in the employ of Country Club Garden Apartments. That was established when the sleuths questioned the superintendent of the residence complex, who told them that he and two helpers did all the repair work there —and that no one had been assigned to do any job in the Carferos' apartment.

Now it became imperative to get a description of that imposter. Mr. Carfero himself could not tell what he looked like. He had not seen the man, he had only spoken to him. His voice? Nothing distinctive about it, he said.

If he heard it again, could he recognize it?

Perhaps. But the man had said very little. It was Carfero who had done most of the talking, telling the man to go back to his boss and get the letter of authorization to do the work.

Only two persons were known to have seen him—Christa Carfero, who was dead, and her son, who was only an infant. But Captain Berni did not exclude the possibility that one or more of the neighbors may have seen the man. He dispatched teams of detectives to fan out throughout the sprawling garden apartment development and question every tenant on the chance that the bogus handyman may have been seen lurking in the area, or had even attempted to enter one or more other residences.

The arrival of Dr. Sidney Weinberg, the Suffolk County Medical Examiner, served to help the investigation of the crime to a considerable extent. Dr. Weinberg's preliminary examination indicated the victim had received more than 40 knife wounds.

"This is without question one of the most sadistic murders I have ever encountered," Dr. Weinberg told Captain Berni. "It appears to me that many of the wounds are of the type inflicted in a life-and-death struggle. This woman apparently had tried to fight off her attacker and enraged him into this viciousness."

Detectives quickly found certain evidence that tended to support Dr. Weinberg's theory. In the top drawer of the bedroom dresser was Mr. Carfero's .32-cal. revolver, fully loaded. In the bedroom closet was his rifle.

"Mrs. Carfero may have been stalling for time while trying to reach one of these weapons," Captain Berni suggested. "It's entirely possible that the killer had come to the house in-

(*Continued on page 46*)

After checking certain car, police had some questions for this young suspect *(right)*

BOUDOIR KILLING OF THE ASSISTANT

by CHRIS EDWARDS Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

Not the least of the problems confronting California investigators was the fact that their prime suspect had what appeared to be an ironclad alibi

LIFE ALONG the Rivo Alto Canal was a swinging affair for handsome Jack Kirschke, 46, a six-foot one-inch deputy district attorney for Los Angeles County and Mrs. Elaine Kirschke, his sexy red-haired wife of 24 years.

Like so many marriages, theirs had its high spots and its low spots, its sorrows and its joys. But they licked the problem of boredom, at least, by mutually agreeing to a pact:

He would not object to her running around with other men, and she would not object to him dating other women. The only ground rule was that when one of them was making use of the comfortable apartment facing the canal, the other would have the courtesy to stay away.

To the casual observer around the Long Beach, California yacht club to which Jack and Elaine Kirschke belonged, the arrangement seemed to be working out well. Friends remember how the Kirschkes once waved casually to each other when they met in a night club—the with another man and he with another woman.

It all seemed so sophisticated and adult—until the night of April 9, 1967, when a curious neighbor looked into the Kirschkes' bedroom window and discovered a double murder.

Elaine Kirschke lay face up on the bed, nude except for an unbuttoned black and white kimono jacket.

On the floor beside the bed lay the body of Orville Drankham, 41, husky, crew-cut, co-owner of an electronic manufacturing firm in nearby Long Beach. Unlike the titian-haired Mrs. Kirschke, Drankham was fully clothed. But like her, he had a neat .38 caliber bullet hole in his head.

It was about 9 p.m. that April night when Long Beach police were notified and they sped to the apartment at 185 Rio Alto in the exclusive Naples district. The first thing they established was the identity of the victims. Next, they satisfied themselves that it was a case of double homicide since no death weapon could be found.

And then they put out an all-points bulletin for the person considered the likeliest suspect:

Deputy District Attorney Jack Kirschke, a prosecutor for 11 years, head deputy in the Downey office of the district attorney for five years, member of the board of directors of the yacht club, graduate of UCLA and Stanford, father of two grown children.

The bodies of Mrs. Kirschke and Drankham were discovered by Edward Harold, who lived with his wife in the apartment above the Kirschkes, and his son-in-law, Deputy Sheriff Charles Greene.

Harold told police he heard what seemed to be gunshots in the Kirschke apartment early on the morning of Saturday, April 8th. He did nothing about it but mentioned it to his son-in-law when the latter came over for dinner the following evening.

By the time the deputy sheriff and his father in law looked into the bedroom window and found the bodies, it appeared to him that the red-haired matron and her lover had been dead for some time before being found.

The dining room table in the apartment was set for two, with a bowl of salad in the center, wine glasses three-quarters full, and barbecued steaks on a hibachi which had long since turned cold.

It would appear that the couple were cavorting or getting ready to cavort while the steaks were cooking when they were surprised and slain. It could have been that a burglar surprised them and shot them in trying to get out of the apartment. It could have been that someone mistook Drankham for Kirschke and killed him and it wouldn't have been the first time that a vengeful criminal got even with the man who had sent him to prison.

Or it could have been a jealous girl friend of Drankham's or a jealous boy friend of Mrs. Kirschke's. But when it came to suspects, the first choice of the police was handsome Jack Kirschke.

Long Beach detectives learned from his office that he had been scheduled to attend a Rotary convention in Las Vegas that week end and when they were told he had checked out of his hotel in the gambling spa early on the morning of Monday, April 10th, the California Highway Patrol was ordered to intercept him somewhere along the 300 miles between Long Beach and Las Vegas.

Three CHP cars intercepted Kirschke's faded red Volkswagen about seven o'clock that morning near Victorville—about midway between Long Beach and the gambling spa. With flashing red lights and wailing sirens, they ordered the deputy district attorney over to the side of the road.

Kirschke got out of his car and found himself staring down into the threatening muzzle of a shotgun held by Patrolman T. M. Richmond.

"Put your hands up in the air," he was told. "Get your legs back." Then he was frisked and found clean.

The CHP officers recalled later that Kirschke had not seemed particularly upset over being stopped like a common criminal, but one of the officers did remember hearing him say, "Well, I guess there goes my judgeship," indicating that the handsome prosecutor hadn't intended to spend his entire legal career in the district attorney's office.

Kirschke was taken to a sheriff's sub-station at Victorville before being transported to Long Beach, where it was explained to him that

In the assistant DA's apartment, a cozy dinner was set for two—but in the bedroom, Orville Drankham lay dead on the floor, a .38 bullet in his head . . .

DA's WIFE AND HER LOVER

he would be booked as a suspect in the double-slaying of his wife and Drankham.

Asked if he owned any guns, he said he had a .38 caliber revolver and an automatic. He said he usually kept them in the night stand alongside his bed, but he added that he hadn't seen them for a couple of months and had no idea what could have happened to them. The guns were never found.

Kirschke was removed to the Long Beach jail, where he was booked on investigation of murder. He retained the services of Attorney Albert C. S. Ramsey, one of the most experienced criminal attorneys in Southern California.

Kirschke, from the very beginning, denied the slayings and told his superior, Assistant District Attorney Lynn D. Compton and Inspector G. E. McIntyre of the Long Beach police department that he had driven to Las Vegas about midnight Friday and that a number of persons could prove he was in Las Vegas all day on Saturday and Sunday.

Kirschke told officers that he knew Drankham and had met him for the first time on February 22, 1967 under rather unusual circumstances. On that day Drankham was arrested for flying a light plane while under the influence of alcohol. His passenger, on that pre-dawn flight during which he buzzed the Kirschke apartment house, was Mrs. Kirschke.

Records show that Kirschke posted $350 bail for Drankham after the latter was arrested by sheriff's deputies at the airport. Even the police had to admit that this was hardly the act of a jealous husband.

Kirschke said that despite the fact that Drankham was Mrs. Kirschke's lover, his relationship with the electronics manufacturer was "cordial" and that he had no reason to kill them.

Kirschke's job paid him $18,000 a year and his wife, Elaine, widely known in the fashion world as Elaine Terry, earned at least $20,000 a year as a fashion designer. Together they could finance a comfortable living along the Rivo Alto. Alone, Kirschke could never make it.

Police checked with Drankham's wife, who lived with her family about a mile from the Kirschke apartment. She told the officers that she had been estranged from her husband since the night of the flying incident and had been home when the murders took place, presumably early Saturday morning.

Before the investigation went any further, Evelle J. Younger, district attorney of Los Angeles County, announced that it would be up to the office of the state attorney general, Thomas Lynch, to decide if sufficient evidence existed to formally charge Kirschke with the double slaying.

Said Younger, "Because Kirschke is a member of the staff of the district attorney, any decisions concerning the sufficience of the evidence and whether or not criminal prosecution will be instituted, will be made by the Attorney General of California."

On Wednesday, April 12th, the Long Beach police had to admit they had very little on which to continue holding Kirschke, although they continued to refer to him as "the suspect" in the double homicide. Detective Lieutenant George Workman said Kirschke would be released because the case "is just not developed to the point where we could get a complaint." He said the investigation would continue and that Kirschke "is the suspect."

When he was released from jail, Kirschke, referring to the slaying of his wife and Drankham, said, "I have no idea who could have done this thing." He said he first heard of the slaying when he was taken into custody near Victorville.

Kirschke told reporters he had driven to Las Vegas shortly before midnight Friday, stayed at the Stardust Hotel, attended Rotary convention meetings, and on Sunday telephoned his secretary in Los Angeles and asked her to telephone his wife and tell her he would return about mid-day Monday.

. . . and a .38 slug had also snuffed out the life of Elaine Kirschke, who was sprawled semi-nude on the bed alongside Drankham's lifeless form . . .

Asst. DA Kirschke *(l.)*, standing with Atty. Ramsey *(c.)* and Atty. Gen. Rubin, said, "I have no idea who did this thing"

Why he did not call his wife himself he did not explain.

Kirschke said, "She phoned, I understand, two or three times. But there was no answer."

Of his experience in the Long Beach jail, the prosecutor said, "I can't tell you what it is like to be on the other side of the bars. It's something every law enforcement officer should experience."

Rather than return to work under a cloud of suspicion, Kirschke took some vacation time he had coming to him and remained away from his office so as not to embarrass anyone.

This is the way Kirschke and his attorney, Albert Ramsey, accounted for Kirschke's movements on the week end of the double killing:

The prosecutor came home from work, packed a bag and left home at 7:45 p.m. for International Airport to catch a plane for Las Vegas. He said he missed the 8:20 p.m. flight on Bonanza Airlines and also missed a standby call on the following flight at 9:15 p.m.

He said that at about 11 p.m. he gave up waiting and decided to drive the 300 miles in the 1962 Volkswagen he had driven to the airport. It was later determined that it was at this same time that Drankham and Mrs. Kirschke were drinking in the bar at the Long Beach Yacht Club.

Kirschke said that between 2:30 and 4 a.m.—he put it at closer to 2:30 than 4—he stopped for gas at a wide spot in the desert road called Yermo —a drive of nearly three hours from International Airport or Long Beach. He said he arrived in Las Vegas at dawn on Saturday, which would have made it about 5:30 a.m.

So if they were shots that Mrs. Kirschke's neighbor said he thought he heard in the pre-dawn hours of that Saturday, Kirschke's alibi put him a long way from home at that time.

A puzzling angle to the case cropped up at this time. It was disclosed that a car belonging to Kirschke—he had been driving his daughter's red Volkswagen at the time of his arrest —had been located by police in a parking lot at International Airport.

Now the question arose: What was the second car doing there? There was immediate police speculation that Kirschke could have driven down to Las Vegas as he said, returned to Los Angeles by air, drove home in his second car, killed his wife and her lover, returned to the airport and flown back to Las Vegas.

Kirschke's attorney stepped into the breach with an explanation. He said the existence of the second car could significantly change the investigation but, he added, actually it was not at all connected with the case.

Attorney Ramsey was asked by newsmen if the presence of the second car at the airport could have made it possible for Kirschke to have returned to Long Beach and commit the double slaying.

He replied, "The car opens up a great many other theories and just about everyone has one. I'd say the car would be a matter of significance if it had anything to do with the case. But it is not at all connected.

"The car actually was in the possession of a body and fender man for about the last six weeks. He was supposed to be repairing the fender. Instead he was called back East—I think it was to visit a sick relative. He drove the car to the airport and left it there, thinking it would be a short trip.

"It wasn't. The car has been parked there since last March 20th. The body and fender man hasn't been seen since, although he did mail back the parking ticket from the airport parking lot.

"I haven't got his name—I have some names like 'Donny' and 'Steve,' but I haven't got all the details."

Asked if Kirschke could prove he didn't drive the car from the lot and then return it there, Ramsey replied, "I think the dusty condition of the car should show it hasn't been moved since March 20th. In addition, I don't think they'd let the car out the gate without the ticket, and we have that.

"Mr. Kirschke didn't even have the keys to it. They weren't in his possession at the time he was arrested."

Kirschke and his attorney cooperated fully with the office of the attorney general and the Long Beach police department and on April 14th, Kirschke gathered them together in Attorney Ramsey's office, once again giving his version of that fateful weekend.

Kirschke, always cooperative, told newsmen, "We're anxious to get this matter settled and the crime solved."

On the weekend of April 15-16th, Ramsey and an investigator testdrove Kirschke's Volkswagen from Los Angeles to Las Vegas to establish the length of time it would take under early morning traffic to make the trip.

On Tuesday, April 18th, Attorney Ramsey helped secure Kirschke's alibi. He said he had found a service station attendant in a lonely desert gas station near Yermo, California who remembered selling gas to Kirschke between 2:30 a.m. and 4 a.m. on the morning of April 8th—the approximate time Mrs. Kirschke and Drankham were assumed to have been shot.

Said Ramsey: "The time factor provides absolute proof that Mr. Kirschke could not have been in Long Beach at the time of the shooting. He himself drove the same route this last week end, at the same hours, in the same 1962 Volkswagen. He stopped at the same service station and found the man who had sold him the gas the week before.

"The man only works this one shift —Saturday morning. He remembered selling Mr. Kirschke the gasoline. He placed the time between 2:30 a.m. and 4 a.m."

Kirschke and Joe Carroll, an investigator for Ramsey, interviewed the attendant and then drove back to Los Angeles.

"With the VW wide open it took two hours and forty-five minutes," Ramsey said. "That would make it impossible for him to have been in this station early Saturday and also at home where the shooting occurred."

Ramsey also told newsmen that Kirschke and his 22-year-old son, a senior at the University of Colorado, had been talking to a friend about Mrs. Kirschke's activities on the night before the killing.

Ramsay said that the son "learned that Mrs. Kirschke and Drankham were in the bar at the Long Beach Yacht Club between 11:30 p.m. Friday and one a.m. Saturday. And we believe they may have gone somewhere else afterward.

"This—and the open window in the bedroom where the bodies were found—and the screen off that window, gives credence to the possibility that they might have returned and trapped a burgler there. We are also investigating a report that Mrs. Kirschke told someone Friday night that she was afraid of someone. We want to be able to indicate that there are many possibilities beyond just that of an irate husband."

The autopsy report shed little light on the double killing so far as the time of death was concerned. The coroner's executive assistant, Herb McRoy, said the exact time of the shooting could not be determined. He said the deaths were placed at "from 24 to 36 hours prior to the time the autopsy was performed on Monday morning"—more than 48 hours after the shots were reported heard by a neighbor.

Said McRoy, "The 24-to-36-hours period is strictly guesswork. It could

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Kirschke, shown here at canal in front of home, reportedly had pact with his wife which allowed each to pursue own romantic interests

BOOK-LENGTH SPECIAL!

YOU CAN'T SET MURDER TO MUSIC

by RANDALL SHANLEY
Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

The prime suspect in the Arizona murders was no stranger to the spotlight. Not only had he killed before, but he made a pretty good living playing romantic piano music in swank cocktail lounges

IN PINAL COUNTY Superior Court in Florence, Arizona, on the morning of April 11, 1967, the star attraction looked like anything but a star. If you thought about it, there was a wry incongruity in the fact that so undistinguished an individual had drawn an overflow crowd of spectators to the courtroom presided over that morning by visiting Superior Court Judge Laurence T. Wren, of Flagstaff.

The "star" was a chunky sort of man. Somewhat below medium height, he seemed like a midget, dwarfed in that setting by the tall, rangy lawmen who escorted him to his seat at the defense table.

At the age of 48, his dark hair was flecked here and there with gray, and there was a grayness to his complexion as well. His head was large for his size, topped by a lush growth of wavy hair which he combed straight back. His forehead was high, and he had a bulldog face with a square-set jaw. Some years ago, when he made his debut in the dramatic tragedy which now was rapidly approaching its final curtain, a woman clerk in the sheriff's office had made a typically feminine comment after sitting across a desk from him and studying his dark, deepset brown eyes while he talked to a covey of interrogators.

"He's sort of attractive," she said thoughtfully, "but there's an awful lot of living in that face."

It was not his physical charm or anything of that nature, however, which drew the crowd to the Florence courtroom that morning last April. It was, rather, a desire to be in at the finish of a case which had gripped the attention of the citizens of Arizona for more than four years. Tangentially, their interest was of even longer duration, for also involved was the heartless slaying of a pretty eight-year-old girl which had occurred more than a year earlier.

But there was much more involved here than multiple murder, shocking though that was. This was a case that had dragged through the courts and the headlines for year after year. Even to the most tender-hearted, there was scarcely a doubt about the man's guilt; the issue, instead, was whether by taking advantage of the murky verbiage of the law and its subtleties (so often incomprehensible to the layman), this man would escape punishment for his crimes.

To the many lawmen who had become enmeshed in the case, it contained an additional significance. High court rulings in the past two years had imposed on them handicap

Carl Quast was kidnaped at gunpoint, shot dead by captor, his body dumped into desert sands . . .

Key suspect in two killings reportedly confessed he had slain 29-year-old Robert Fillmore *(above)*

Body of missing eight-year-old Marguerita Bejarano, riddled with bullets and sexually brutalized, was found under this bridge

after handicap in the performance of their duties, not the least of which is bringing criminals to justice. One of those rulings laid down stringent restrictions on information that could be released to the press about individuals arrested and accused of one or more crimes.

The case being heard in Florence court that April morning was a classic example of how publicity about one slaying was highly instrumental in clearing away the mystery surrounding two more killings.

The first one had occurred on March 24, 1961. On that sunny Friday morning in Tucson, Marguerita Bejarano, a pretty little eight-year-old with flashing brown eyes and a pert pony-tail hairdo, left her home for school at the usual time. She never reached her classroom, but that fact did not become known for several hours.

When she failed to return home at her usual hour that afternoon, her family waited a short time, then began to telephone relatives to see if she had stopped in for a visit. It didn't take long to ascertain that no one had seen Marguerita. Then calls were made to the child's little friends and classmates, and very soon came the electrifying news that Marguerita had not been in school at all that day.

A check with school authorities confirmed this.

The girl's disappearance was immediately reported to the office of veteran Pima County Sheriff Waldon Burr, who promptly took personal charge of efforts to find the little girl.

Calling in half a dozen deputies, he said, "I want a thorough search of the neighborhood where the girl lives. I want the same kind of a search along the route she'd normally take to school, and any alternate routes. When you get out there, spread the word among the neighbors and I'm sure you'll get plenty of help from volunteers when the news gets around.

"I'll join you out there as soon as I take care of a few other things."

When his men had departed to begin the search for the vanished child, Sheriff Burr contacted the Tucson city police department and lined up more assistance. Several teams of city officers were dispatched to join the deputies in the hunt. The sheriff then contacted a Scoutmaster and arranged for him to get together a group of his Boy Scouts to help look for Marguerita Bejarano.

But despite the massive search effort, no trace of the child was found by the time darkness fell. The officers and the volunteers continued to search until almost midnight, using flashlights, lanterns and the like, but

Police ID officer Schoch (l.), Sergeant Helper check footprints at murder scene

Pretty little Marguerita headed for school, met a maniacal killer

Judge Wren heard vital testimony in murder trial

Investigator Smith checked abandoned car, found it key clue

then the search was called off until morning.

At daylight on Saturday, it was resumed, and the search force was more than tripled, that day and the next, as men gave up their week-end leisure time in an unstinting effort to find some trace of the missing girl.

When the immediate area surrounding Marguerita's home and the routes she might have taken to school had been thoroughly scoured without results, Sheriff Burr ordered the search expanded; the searchers were split up into teams, with at least one officer heading each group, and assigned a specified area to comb. With a map of the City of Tucson and its environs spread before him and marked off in a pattern of grid squares representing assigned search areas, the sheriff kept in touch with the posses by walkie-talkie radio.

All day Saturday and all day Sunday, the search pressed on, with maddeningly meager results. Questioning of neighbors and persons along the girl's route to school failed to turn up even one person who had seen Marguerita after she had left her house and started walking along the street. The searchers came up with a wildly assorted collection of objects, all of which were brought in for examination on the chance that they might have some bearing on the case.

Among them were numerous items of feminine attire, mismatched shoes, garter belts, a burned fragment of a nylon girdle, a torn brassiere. All of these, obviously, were too large to have been worn by the small girl who had vanished, and how they reached the spots where they were found remained a mystery.

But finally the suspense, which had been building steadily, was broken Late Sunday afternoon as Sheriff Burr was studying his map at the temporary command post he had set up, a voice crackled over the radio:

"We've found the girl. She's dead."

The sheriff sped to the scene, a railroad bridge some four miles from little Marguerita's home. Grim-faced posse members opened a path for the big lawman as he headed for the spot under the bridge where the child's body had been found. The Pima County coroner had arrived only moments before and was examining the corpse.

"How did she die?" asked Sheriff Burr.

"She was shot," the coroner answered. "Twice, in the back of the head."

"Was she raped?"

The coroner shook his head. "I'd say no, but I think she was molested sexually. We can tell better after the autopsy." He added that he estimated the little girl had been dead for approximately 72 hours.

Following the sheriff's instructions, his men conducted a painstaking search of the area for clues that might provide any kind of a lead to the murderer's identity. They found none. The rough ground was too hard to retain even a heavy man's footprint. They found no physical evidence of any kind.

During the next few weeks, Sheriff Burr and Tucson police rounded up literally hundreds of police characters and hauled them in for questioning. Special attention was given to men with records of sex offenses, but no one with any known potential for violence was neglected. Despite round-the-clock questioning, however, no one suspect could be connected to the slaying of Marguerita Bejarano. About half a dozen other crimes were cleared in the process, but the little girl's death remained as much a mystery as it was on the day her tiny body was found.

The only solid clue was the report from ballistics that the two slugs removed from the victim's body were .22 caliber, and probably had been fired from a weapon of foreign manufacture. A meticulous canvass of gun dealers and pawnshops failed to turn up any clue to the origin of such a weapon, or anyone to whom it might have been sold.

As the weeks and months passed, the case faded out of the newspapers, but not out of the minds of Sheriff Burr and his men. Crimes against children were an obsession with them, as they are with most dedicated lawmen. The Bejarano slaying, therefore, was never far from their minds, despite the lack of progress in its investigation. They were always alert for a sign, a clue, or a lead that might be related to it as they worked on other cases that claimed their attention. Whenever they read news accounts of sex criminals involved in cases in other cities, they contacted the authorities there and requested a check on the suspects' whereabouts at the time of Marguerita's slaying. Deputies traveled as far as Los Angeles, Denver and Joplin, Missouri, to interview personally suspects who looked like they might have had the opportunity to kill the little Tucson girl.

But the months rolled by without significant advance in the investigation. As Sheriff Burr was reviewing the case with some of his aides on December 1, 1962, some 20 months after the crime, someone expressed the thought that Marguerita's slayer must have been "a drifter—some guy who hit and ran—otherwise we'd have had another victim by this time."

Sheriff Burr was thoughtful for a long moment, then said, "There's a lot in what you say, but I have a hunch about this guy, whoever he is. I've got a feeling he's still around these parts. The heat we turned on could have scared him into lying low—even for this long, but it wouldn't surprise me if he turned up again, any time now."

A little more than a week later, the sheriff's words would prove to be prophetic.

December 7th, the anniversary of the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor, has a special significance in Arizona, where each year a memorial service is held in Tempe on the campus of Arizona State University. It is a special tribute to the men who died in the sinking of the *U.S.S. Arizona*, which still lies in the waters of Pearl Harbor with the bodies of more than 1,000 men entombed in its hulk.

At last about the time that this service was ending, a few minutes after four o'clock in the afternoon, another tragedy of life and death began to unfold a couple of miles away. Carl W. Qunst, a retired ranch foreman with the vigor and zest for life of a man far younger than his 62 years, was out in the carport of his neatly kept modern ranch home on the outskirts of Tempe. He was busily engaged in doing something he loved, cleaning one of his hunting rifles.

Completely absorbed in his task, he never saw the stranger approach, a chunky, bulldog-faced stranger. Qunst was unaware of the man's presence until the man snapped, "Gimme the keys to your car!"

The rancher wheeled quickly, but any thought of action was dispelled by the sight of the small but business-like revolver tightly gripped in the stranger's hand and pointing right at his belt.

"I don't have the keys," Quast replied calmly. "This is my wife's car. The keys are inside the house."

"Then get 'em!" the gunner barked. "And remember I'm right behind you."

With the stranger's pistol prodding his back, Quast led the way into the house. He got the keys and handed them over. At gunpoint, then, Quast was forced to return to the carport and get behind the wheel of his wife's car. The man got in beside him on the passenger side. In the next mo-

ment, the car pulled out of the driveway.

They did not leave unobserved, however. An elderly woman relative who lived with the Quasts had been in another part of the house and witnessed the entire incident. As soon as the car left the driveway she ran out of the house screaming, "Call the police. Someone's just kidnaped Carl!"

The next-door neighbor called the Tempe Police Department without waiting to ask questions. A police car bearing two officers reached the scene within five minutes. As soon as they had gotten the details of the kidnaping, they reported to the dispatcher on their two-way radio and the dispatcher promptly broadcast an all-points alert.

At headquarters, Police Chief Worth Farley ran to his cruiser and sped to the scene, closely followed by detective Captain Frank Adams and almost a score of other officers and detectives. A crowd of neighbors had already gathered and were milling around in a scene of wild confusion in the normally quiet neighborhood. The chief and Captain Adams were issuing instructions to patrolmen to clear the area of all persons, except those who had pertinent information relating to the abduction, when a car screeched to a stop in front of the Quast house.

A young man leaped out and ran up to the cluster of officers near the carport. He said his name was Hal Cleecy, and he had something to report to the police.

"All right, young fellow," said Chief Farley. "Calm down and tell us about it."

The youth then told of having witnessed what appeared to be the attempted abduction of a 10-year-old girl.

"When and where did this happen?" the chief asked.

"About forty-five minutes ago," the young man replied. "I was driving north on 40th Street, coming home from work in Phoenix, when I saw this car ahead of me. The driver had pulled up alongside an isolated stretch of road and he had a little girl by the arm."

He didn't think the situation looked like a parent having disciplinary problems with his own child, Cleecy said, so he pulled up behind the man's car, a 1953 Pontiac sedan. When he got out of his car he could see that the little girl was crying and seemed to be terrified.

"As I started to ask her what was wrong, the man let go of her, jumped into his car, and took off like a bat out of hell. The girl was badly shaken up. She said the man had tried to force her into his car."

"Did you get the number of the car?" the chief asked.

The youth shook his head. "No. It all happened so fast. I flagged down a young guy in a pickup and asked him to help, and we took off after

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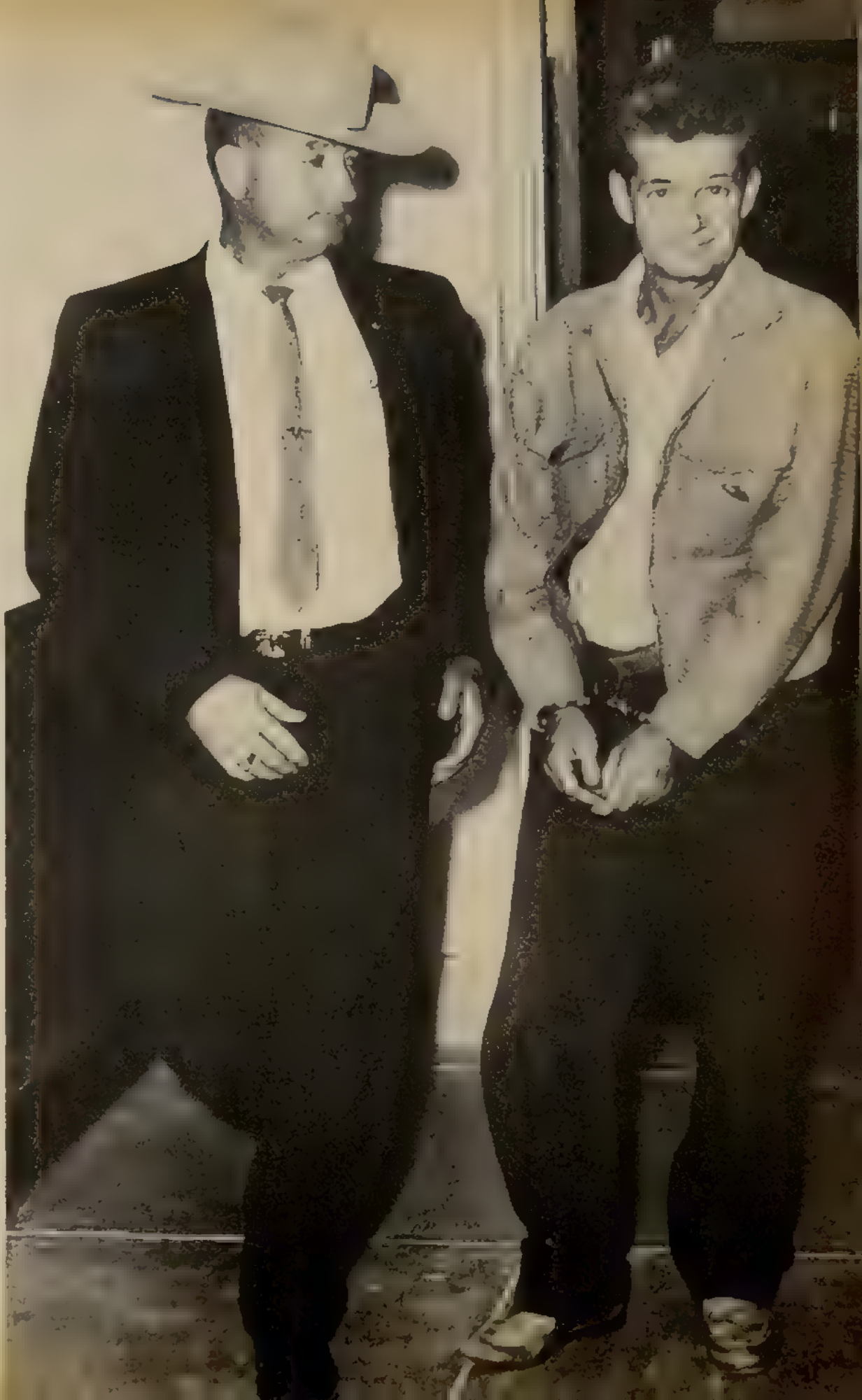

Handcuffed suspect Jones, shown here with Sheriff White, protested: "I never harmed anybody in my ----- life!"

The investigation of the weird slaying took a year and a half, and by the time New Jersey probers had secured enough evidence to go after indictments, you couldn't tell the suspects without a program in the alleged

by CHRYS HARANIS
Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

PLOT TO KILL A GIRL NAMED JUDY

Judy's battered, half-nude body had been tossed into a ditch

TALL HANDSOME Paul Kavanaugh opened the door and looked at the two patrolmen with a puzzled frown.

"I thought you were my wife," he half-smiled, explaining that he had returned home from work earlier in the evening and had not found her in. "I've been worried about her."

The news the patrolmen brought was enough to add more to the 23-year-old Kavanaugh's concern about his wife. Her car, a two-door Corvair, had been found mysteriously ablaze in a desolate factory area in Newark, New Jersey. Mrs. Kavanaugh was not in the car, nor anywhere to be found, but there were a number of circumstances about the fire that impelled police to make an inquiry.

Although the fire had destroyed a good part of the car's upholstery, some items inside were barely touched by the flames—a pair of tan-colored stretch slacks, a navy blue blouse, a brown corduroy jacket, a pocketbook, an umbrella, and a road map were only singed. These articles were on the front seat. On the floor in the back were a 15-foot length of new clothes line and a white bath blanket, both undamaged by the flames.

A night watchman in a factory had spotted the fire in the car, which was parked outside his plant, and his quick call brought firemen who extinguished the blaze before it got out of hand.

Afterward, the firemen detected a strong odor of gasoline, which indicated that it might be a case of possible arson. They notified the Newark police.

Although no papers were found in the pocketbook to indicate ownership of the car, authorities were readily able to trace the vehicle from the license plate to Mrs. Judith Kavanaugh, 21, of Hazel Street, Clifton, about 12 miles from Newark. Clifton police were asked to see if they could find Mrs. Kavanaugh.

"I don't get it," her husband told the patrolmen who had come to inquire about Mrs Kavanaugh. "Don't you know what happened to her?"

Kavanaugh said the last time he had seen his wife was at 1 o'clock that morning of Friday, February 25, 1966, when she drove him to neighboring Garfield to meet a co-worker. There the two men went on their own to their job as truck routemen for a Newark newspaper.

The husband said he had returned home in late morning and found his wife strangely absent.

"She always waited for me to return home before she went shopping," Kavanaugh said. "I also saw the condition of the apartment. It hadn't been tidied up, and it wasn't like her to leave the place in that condition. I spent the rest of the day calling friends and relatives in an effort to locate her. I had no luck."

The detectives asked Kavanaugh to accompany them to Newark to help identify the articles found in the car.

Instead of clearing up part of the mystery, Kavanaugh only intensified it when he examined the slacks, blouse, and jacket.

"Those aren't my wife's," he said. "She had on different clothes when she drove me to work."

But the pocketbook was his wife's, Kavanaugh conceded, and so was the umbrella. He also acknowledged that the blanket was for the couple's pure bred poodles and the rope for training the dogs.

The baffling circumstances brought Detective Sergeant Eugene Buerle, of Newark's homicide squad, into the inquiry. He asked Kavanaugh to come down to headquarters for questioning.

Meanwhile, detectives in Clifton talked with the Kavanaughs' neighbors to see if any had an idea where Judy might have gone. None knew. They all agreed that the couple seemed happy together and no one could recall any arguments or fights.

But one tenant remembered something.

"I was looking out the window at 1:30 this morning," said the tenant, a resident of the same garden apartment. "I saw Mrs. Kavanaugh drive up and try to find a parking spot in front. There was none and she drove off toward that Park Slope area."

He was talking about the nearby wooded, poorly-lighted sector behind a 200-foot cut that leads down to the Erie-Lackawanna Railroad tracks.

On the chance that Mrs. Kavanaugh may have run into a molester or assailant when she drove there—conceivably a man who could have harmed her, then taken her car, driven it to Newark and set it afire—a detail of 15 Clifton patrolmen was ordered to scour the area with searchlights.

Meanwhile, at Newark headquarters where Kavanaugh was being interrogated, word that the missing wife's clothes had been identified by her parents posed an intriguing development to Sergeant Buerle. He brought that point up as he questioned Kavanaugh, but the husband shrugged it off

"I don't pay close attention to what Judy wears," Kavanaugh was quoted.

The answer didn't satisfy Sergeant Buerle, who decided to be blunt.

"I don't think you're telling us everything you know," the sergeant said. "After all, you were the last one we know who saw her."

"What am I supposed to do about that?" Kavanaugh asked in a tone of annoyance.

Probe led cops to question Harold Matzner, executive at publishing firm where Judy's husband worked

Young Paul Kavanaugh was baffled by wife's slaying

"Take a lie-detector test," Buerle challenged.

Kavanaugh said to bring it on. The test was administered with many searching questions. Hours later, Buerle announced:

"It was an extensive and thoroughly probing examination. I can only take the word of our man who made the tests. He was very satisfied with the answers."

Then Buerle shook his head. "Right now we have a mystery on our hands. We have no idea what could have happened to Mrs. Kavanaugh."

By this time the sergeant had ordered the husband released, although privately he was not satisfied with the results. He felt Kavanaugh was holding something back—even if it didn't show on the lie test.

While the search for Judith Kavanaugh went on, her slacks, jacket, and pocketbook were sent to the state police laboratory at Trenton, the capital, for tests. Other laboratory investigators went over the car but failed to come up with anything more than what the fire probers found—that gasoline had been poured over the auto's upholstery in an attempt to destroy it by fire. But they couldn't tell who did it.

The investigation continued through the weekend. More neighbors and friends of the couple were questioned. But the answers were always the same—the Kavanaughs were apparently a happy, well-adjusted couple who had never given any signs of difficulty in their marriage.

As the search for Judy went on, her husband and her parents offered a $1,000 reward for information about Judith's whereabouts.

"We don't know what to do, but we have to do something," the mother said. "If anyone has any knowledge about my daughter, I wish he would come forward. If she was kidnaped, I beg her abductor to let her go. She harmed no one."

The parents' suffering seemed to heighten as the days passed without any word about Judith. By the end of the second week of her disappearance, they began to express hope that no harm had come to her—but that she had gone into hiding. On Thursday, March 10th, they made an appeal to their daughter through the newspapers:

"If you are still alive, Judy, please let us know—even if you're not well.

"We've had no sleep since you left. We are both nervous wrecks. We pace the floor and look out the window continuously. Every time the phone rings, we fly to it. We keep hoping it is you—but it never is. Please, Judy, come back."

But Newark detectives didn't share the parents' hopes about Judy's fate. They felt that something more drastic had happened to her. That this was so became apparent when Deputy Police Chief Herbert Cohen, head of the detective division, admitted:

"Yes, we have continued questioning Paul Kavanaugh and administering lie detector tests. He has just undergone his third such test. The results are the same as all the others. He is telling us the truth. He doesn't know where his wife is."

The question of Judith's whereabouts became academic on Sunday afternoon, March 13th. Two men, out walking their dogs, solved the mystery as they strolled along a portion of the Garden State Parkway in Clifton.

They spotted a body in the underbrush. It was a woman's. Except for a dark blue blouse on the upper torso, the victim was nude. But a few feet away, in a small water-filled ditch, the two dog-walkers noticed a number of articles of clothing, including a

(*Continued on page 60*)

Slaying of Doctor's Wife *(from page 21)*

Calvin Bandt, Assistant Hennepin County Medical Examiner, performed the post mortem examination. He reported there was no smoke in the victim's lungs and that she apparently had been dead when the fire started.

He said that in addition to six wounds about the face and head, the hyoid bone—a U-shaped bone in the throat at the base of the tongue—had been fractured. He said this indicated that the victim had died of manual strangulation.

After Dr. Bandt's report had been made, Hennepin County Prosecutor George Scott obtained a warrant charging Dr. Mitchell with first-degree murder, specifying that the victim had been strangled as indicated by the fracture of the hyoid.

A hearing was scheduled in Hennepin County Municipal Court on Wednesday, December 28th. Dr. Mitchell was represented by an attorney, who had advised him not to answer questions. Municipal Judge James D. Rogers set a preliminary hearing for January 13, 1961, and fixed bail at $15,000. Dr. Mitchell was released and soon afterward his attorney withdrew.

It was announced that he would be represented by the famous F. Lee Bailey and a Minneapolis associate, Ronald Meshbesher. Since Bailey is not licensed to practice law in Minnesota, he usually has a local associate and obtains permission of the court to represent a client. In this case, permission was granted and Bailey became the chief defense attorney.

Bailey arrived in Minneapolis on December 30th, only four days after the alleged murder, and conferred with Meshbesher. He brought along Andrew Tuney, a private investigator employed by Bailey and Dr. Richard Ford, Boston Medical Examiner, who apparently is a close friend Dr. Ford asked for and was granted permission to perform his own autopsy on Mrs. Mitchell. He declined to reveal the results.

Bailey and his entourage left town, but on January 6th, Attorney Meshbesher made a motion in Municipal Court seeking a preliminary hearing before a judge by the grand jury. Meshbesher argued that the hearing would be canceled if the grand jury acted before January 12th and his client would be deprived of his right to have the evidence aired at a public hearing.

The grand jury was scheduled to meet January 10th, Meshbesher said, and probably would return an indictment then, making the scheduled hearing unnecessary. Since grand jury proceedings are secret, he argued that his client would not be given an opportunity to find out what evidence the prosecution had against him.

In arguing that his procedure was legal, Prosecutor Scott said: "The crux of the situation is whether there has been anything unreasonable. There has been nothing unreasonable in our procedures toward Mitchell to date, and there will be nothing unreasonable in the process that we're going to adopt."

Scott said that Defense Counsel Bailey, before he left the city, had been critical of the murder warrant against Mitchell because it cited the autopsy report and cause of death, claiming that Mitchell's rights had been violated

"Defense counsel seems to want it both ways," Prosecutor Scott told the court. "First they complain about too much evidence, and now they say they won't see enough evidence if there is not a preliminary hearing."

The prosecutor added that one case had been reversed by the Minnesota Supreme Court because the warrant had not been specific enough; since then, he said, all warrants drawn by his staff were specific as to the nature of the crime.

Bailey had charged that Dr. Mitchell's rights had been violated as soon as it became public—through the warrant—that he was accused of strangling his wife. He said the police should be allowed to say only something like this: "Mrs. So-and-So is dead. Mr. So-and-so is charged with murder. Period."

Prosecutor Scott countered that by saying that although the guarantee in the Constitution becomes effective as soon as the accused is charged before a judge. After that, he said, all documents concerned with the trial are public.

Judge Rogers said that a defendant does have a right to a preliminary hearing at which the defense counsel may cross-examine witnesses, the hearing is not held for that reason. He denied Defense Attorney Meshbesher's motion.

But the defense attorney was back in court on Monday, January 9th, asking District Court Judge Dana Nicholson to restrain the grand jury from acting until Dr. Mitchell had been granted a preliminary hearing.

Judge Nicholson denied the motion and the following day, January 10th, Dr. Mitchell was indicted on a charge of first-degree murder. He pleaded not guilty before Judge Nicholson, who ordered the Municipal Court bond canceled and a new bond of $15,000 provided. This was done and Dr. Mitchell was released.

During the months that followed, Attorney Meshbesher tenaciously attacked the indictment and tried to have it thrown out. He charged that the grand jury was unconstitutional because most of its members were members of high income groups—corporation vice presidents and the like.

But all his efforts failed and finally, on May 22nd, the trial opened with the pre-trial hearing to determine which exhibits would be admitted in evidence. The first witness was Police Investigator Woods, who offered more than 20 exhibits, including about 100 pictures of the body and of the interior of the burned house.

Another witness was Detective Krueger, who proposed to relate what Dr. Mitchell had told him and Detective O'Rourke before the chiropractor was arrested. This was during the afternoon and Bailey took a hand.

He tried to get Krueger to admit that he and his partner already had decided Mitchell was a suspect before they questioned him. If they had, then anything he told them could not be admitted in evidence.

Krueger refused to admit he had made up his mind Dr. Mitchell was a suspect. "We just wanted to know if there was anyone else in the house," he declared at one point. Then, in an obvious reference to the defense in the Sheppard case, he added: "Whether there was any bushy-haired intruder."

Krueger testified that he had informed Dr. Mitchell of his constitutional rights and had advised him to get a hard-named good attorney. And he did," the detective said. "He got two of them."

During the investigation, Krueger said, the detectives had entered the Mitchell house twice and had searched Dr. Mitchell's car once, always with permission. For a search on January 25th, he said they had two warrants.

Why two warrants? Bailey asked.

"It was to be sure we didn't violate any of Dr. Mitchell's rights," Detective Krueger replied.

Other disputed evidence was a conversation Dr. Meyer said he overheard between Dr. Mitchell and his attorney at the hospital. He said he went immediately into another room and made notes.

Bailey wanted to know if making notes of patients' conversations was a regular practice, and if not, why he had done it in Dr. Mitchell's case.

"Because I thought it might be relevant," Dr. Meyer replied.

After the hearing, Bailey, apparently making a rapid recovery from his cold, took Dr. Mitchell and Attorney Meshbesher for a ride in his jet.

The following day, Judge Rossen ruled that most of the exhibits could be admitted in evidence and selection of the jury began. All of that day and the next was required to select six jurors, six women and one male alternate. After a second alternate was picked the following day, the trial got under way with an opening statement by Prosecutor Scott.

He told the jury there were two fires of incendiary origin at the Mitchell home. He said there was no smoke in the lungs of the victim's blood, indicating she had not inhaled smoke but had been dead when the fire started. He said Dr. Mitchell had admitted hitting his wife before the fire, that there were bruises on her head and she had a blackened eye, and that the cause of death was "manual strangulation by human hands."

Dr. Bandt was called to the stand and described multiple injuries in the neck, including a fractured hyoid bone and windpipe, and many internal bruises. He concluded she was killed by manual strangulation.

When he was asked on cross-examination if the wounds could have been self-inflicted, he said he did not believe it was possible for Dr. Mitchell to have strangled herself.

Attorney Bailey objected to his opinion unless a doctor spoke, saying this was an "ultimate issue" to be decided by the jury. The judge sustained the objection. Then he excused the jury while both Prosecutor Scott and Bailey questioned Dr. Bandt.

The prosecutor had Dr. Bandt describe the broken hyoid bone in Mrs. Mitchell's throat, the bruises on both sides of the neck and the blood vessels that were burst by a buildup of pressure above the constriction.

Dr. Bandt said he had read authorities whose opinion was that a broken hyoid bone automatically ruled out suicide. He said he believed suicide by strangulation was impossible because it was very difficult for a person to put his own hands around his neck with the thumbs at the back. He said he thought it would be impossible to break the hyoid bone except with the fingers at the front.

Bailey asked Dr. Bandt to put his hand across the front of his throat and grasp the hyoid bone. "Now squeeze as hard as possible to see if you can break it," Bailey said.

"No, thank you," Dr. Bandt replied.

"Then I take it it's not impossible," said the noted criminal lawyer.

"I do not have the courage," Dr. Bandt responded.

With the jury back in the room, Prosecutor Scott asked if Mrs. Mitchell had an ulcer. The pathologist replied that he had found no evidence of one.

Bailey then asked Dr. Bandt if he had any way of estimating Mrs. Mitchell's mental or emotional condition or of knowing whether she was psychotic on the night of her death.

Dr. Bandt replied that he did not.

Asked about other strangulations, Dr. Bandt said he had seen 20 persons who had been strangled by cord but that in none of these cases was the hyoid bone broken.

Then Bailey asked how many autopsies he had performed on persons who had died of manual strangulation.

"Four," Dr. Bandt replied. Then, with an obvious reference to the Boston Strangler, he added, with a slight smile: "No one has a large experience —at least, not around here."

Dr. Meyer was called to the witness stand and testified that he had examined Mrs. Mitchell as she lay on the floor in the living room of the Mitchell home early on the morning of December 26th and had pronounced her dead.

Dr. Meyer said he later treated Dr. Mitchell for a throat infection and had been present when Dr. Mitchell was questioned by two homicide detectives. He said he also overheard a conversation between Dr. Mitchell and his mother in the hospital.

He testified that Dr. Mitchell told his mother that his wife had "told me she wanted to die" and that now she's done it." Dr. Meyer further quoted Dr. Mitchell:

"I was like a wild woman when I was talking to her about her diet. She was running around like a wild woman and I couldn't shut her up."

Then Dr. Meyer described the account he said Dr. Mitchell had given Detectives Krueger and O'Rourke:

Dr. Mitchell said he had been to his mother's house that Christmas Day. When he returned home about 8 p.m., he began quarreling with his wife. He said they argued about her drinking because she had an ulcer.

Then Mitchell told the detectives he punched his wife twice in the eye and there was some blood." He said he heard her go into the bathroom downstairs, then upstairs to bed. He said he went to sleep in the master bedroom downstairs and was awakened by smoke.

Mitchell said he gathered up his four - year - old daughter who was asleep in a small bedroom on the first floor and took her next door. He returned with the neighbor and tried to get back in the house.

"Didn't you hear him say his bed was on fire?" Bailey asked in cross-examination.

"No," Dr. Meyer replied.

Detective O'Rourke took the stand and his testimony was substantially the same as Dr. Meyer's. He added that Dr. Mitchell's explanation of the fire was that "she must have done it."

O'Rourke also testified that Dr. Mitchell left the shoes he had been wearing the night of the fire at the neighbor's house and that he and Detective Krueger smelled gasoline on them. He, too, denied that Dr. Mitchell had mentioned that his bed was on fire.

Also, O'Rourke said he didn't ask Dr. Mitchell if he had killed his wife, but when Mitchell admitted he had struck her "a couple of times," he concluded it was time to arrest Mitchell.

Next to testify was Chief Investigator Woods. He said he had found a gasoline can in the garage. The cap was off and it had a spout on it, he said. He testified that he found two places in the house—the living room and the master bedroom—where fires had been started with gasoline.

Woods said the only parts of Mrs. Mitchell's body that were extensively burned were those that were sticking out from under the pile of material with which Mrs. Mitchell had been covered.

On cross-examination by Bailey, Woods said he thought the living room fire had been started to get rid of the body and the fire in the bedroom to cover up spots of blood on the wall.

"How did the body miraculously escape with only minor singeing?" Bailey asked.

Woods replied there was too much gasoline. The mixture was too rich to burn in the gasoline-soaked coverings and the rapid consumption of oxygen in the locked house retarded the fire. He explained that a common mistake made by people trying to burn evidence is using gasoline-soaked material, which acts like a wick.

The trial was recessed until Monday, May 29th, when Wilkaan Fong, laboratory superintendent of the Minnesota Bureau of Criminal Apprehension, testified that he had examined the burned house. He said he found blood on the baseboard and wall of the master bedroom as well as on the headboard of a bed.

Bailey said the defense would concede there was blood on the wall in the bedroom, and that it was Mrs. Mitchell's.

Fong also said there was gasoline on a rug and pad in the bedroom, and blood and gasoline on a pair of men's corduroy pants and a sweatshirt piled with other material around the body in the living room.

He testified that he found smaller amounts of blood on a pair of khaki pants and a sweatshirt Dr. Mitchell was wearing when he ran to the neighbor's with his daughter. Fong said there was blood also on the door to the child's room, as well as in the bathroom.

Fong said that crescent-shaped wounds on the victim's head matched the curved base of a cigarette lighter found under her body. Bailey said the defense conceded the lighter could have made the wound. Fong said a different-shaped wound could have been made by the lighter after it was broken.

The next witness was Mrs. Sharon Arundel, Mrs. Mitchell's cousin. She testified that she saw Mrs. Mitchell on Christmas Eve and that she "definitely" was in good health and spirits. Mrs. Arundel had planned a "cousins party," she said, and Nancy had planned to come.

When Prosecutor Scott tried to show her a picture of Nancy Mitchell's body, he began, "Sharon, this may be a little difficult, but—"

Bailey jumped up, objecting "to these remarks." He said the defense would concede the picture was of Mrs. Mitchell. It was not shown to the witness, whom Bailey did not cross-examine.

The final witness was Dr. John Coe, Hennepin County Medical Examiner, who testified he had reviewed the autopsy findings and agreed with Dr. Bandt's conclusions. He said there was no evidence of disease or of an ulcer.

Then the prosecution rested.

The defense opened with Dr. Mitchell, who gave this account of what happened:

On Christmas night, his wife was furious because she said he had spoiled what she believed would be her last Christmas. He said she'd had a cancer removed about five years before and was obsessed with the idea it would recur in five years.

He said she berated him because he had stayed late at the office on December 23rd to exchange gifts with his receptionist. She accused him of spoiling her Christmas by giving her money for a present instead of a davenport or television set, by showing a home movie in which she looked ridiculous, and by working Christmas Eve morning when she needed his help in preparing for a family party.

He said she threw the money on the floor of their bedroom and he hit her in the right eye. She threw a cigarette lighter at him and, he said: "I picked it up and threw it back."

He said the lighter hit her on the head and broke, and she picked it up and hit herself on the forehead with it as she attempted to hurl it back at him with her left hand.

Suddenly, he said, "blood seemed all over her forehead."

Dr. Mitchell said he got towels from the bathroom and pressed them to her forehead with her head on his knee; that accounted for the blood on his trousers. He said she ran to the bathroom, locked herself in and wouldn't come out until he threatened to call a doctor or the police. He said she was terrified of doctors because she had convinced herself she would die of cancer this year.

When she came out, he said he gave her a drink of creme de menthe, even though it was contrary to her ulcer diet. He said she was calm then, until the phone rang. He said she apparently thought it was a patient who had called twice Christmas Eve, and she warned him if he answered it she would commit suicide, as the patient's husband had tried to do a few weeks before.

The patient had tried to hang himself, but Mrs. Mitchell could not do that because there were no open beams in the house. He said she told him she would do it "her own way."

He testified she lay down on the living room floor and pressed her fingers into her own throat.

"I promised her my time, anything she wanted," the witness said. He said he pulled her hands away from her throat twice and promised to take her away for a couple of weeks until the bruise around her eye healed.

He said he gave her another drink, let her smoke two cigarettes she was not supposed to have, and talked her into going upstairs to bed.

He said he lay down in the back bedroom but got up when he heard her come back downstairs. Mitchell said she took the bloody bedclothes from the master bed, and the towels, and told him she was going to insist that his receptionist wash them.

He testified that he again persuaded her to go to bed and he lay down, this time to fall asleep. He said he was awakened by the sound of the electric garage door and found her in the living room stretching the bedsheets like a tent between the couch and the coffee table.

He said she told him she was piling things up for the receptionist. He said she told him she had opened the garage door because she thought she might go to her mother's house.

However, he said, she went back upstairs and he fell asleep in the master bedroom. He said he was awakened by something "kind of like an explosion. I woke up and all of a sudden I found myself down on the floor." He said there was fire on the bed and on the floor and he heard the closing of a sliding door that separated the back hall from the living room.

He said he tried to open it but the latch was broken, so he gathered up his daughter from the back bedroom where she was asleep and ran next door to the neighbor's home. The neighbor returned with him and after two tries, he said, he got through the smoke and opened the sliding door. But he was driven back by another explosion, Mitchell said, and he later collapsed and was taken by ambulance to Hennepin County General Hospital.

Dr. Mitchell was cross-examined by Assistant County Prosecutor Harlan Goulett, who did not succeed in getting him to change his unusual story. However, when Goulett questioned Mitchell closely about his wife pressing her fingers to her throat, the witness admitted that she had relaxed her grip on her throat and did not lose consciousness.

Under further cross-examination by Goulett, Dr. Mitchell admitted that his wife was hysterical, that she was injured as a result of the fight, that she had threatened suicide. And according to Mitchell's story, she actually tried it.

"But you went to bed?" Goulett asked.

"Yes," Mitchell replied.

"And you fell asleep?"

"Yes."

"No further questions," Goulett said.

The defense introduced a nationally known arson expert, John Kennedy of Chicago, to try to provide support for Dr. Mitchell's story. Kennedy is a big man, standing about six feet four and weighing about 250 pounds. He is author of a number of definitive works on arson, including one volume of about 1,500 pages. He has helped many law enforcement officers to solve puzzling cases of arson throughout the country.

Kennedy testified that he had examined the house, that in his opinion the bedroom fire had started first, that there were two fires in the living room, one in a chair and one in the davenport.

This conflicted with the testimony of Woods, who said that Kennedy's

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text was in his library, but who also said that the fire in the living room was started first

Then the defense introduced a surprise witness, William P. Keiser, 62, who said he was one of Dr. Mitchell's patients. He told the jury that he had tried twice on Christmas night to telephone Dr. Mitchell because of a pain in his back

Keiser said that about 2 a.m., December 25th, the pain became so bad that he decided to go to a hospital emergency room in hope of obtaining some relief However, on the way, he said, he drove past the Mitchell home and on the chance that the chiropractor still would be up.

When he stopped in front of the Mitchell home, Keiser testified, he saw a flash come from the rear of the house. He said that a few seconds later, he saw a man "carrying something" running from the Mitchell home to the house next door.

When he saw the man running from the house, Keiser testified, "all I could think of was burglars." He said he backed his car up to 22rd Avenue and drove along that street beside the Mitchell house, which is on the corner.

Keiser said that through the living room window he saw a "shadow of smoke moving." He also said that he could see fire through the back bedroom window

He said the light in the living room went out and there was something "like an explosion" in the living room. He said he could not tell whether the silhouette was a man or a woman; it was "just slender."

Keiser testified that he drove around looking for a telephone or a lighted house from which he could make a call to the police Before he had found one, he said, he heard sirens and fire trucks were racing towards the Mitchell home

The witness said he returned to the Mitchell home and outside talked to "a man in uniform," to whom he gave his name and address while they watched the firemen Keiser was unable to identify the uniformed man, but said he didn't think it was a fireman because the man wore a "dress uniform."

Cross-examined by Assistant Prosecutor Goulett, Mr. Keiser was asked if he told the uniformed man what he had seen

Keiser said that he had started to, but the man turned away from him "and started talking to someone else."

The witness said it was his wife who had telephoned the office of Attorney Meshbesher after they had read in the papers of the charges against Dr. Mitchell. He said she told him of what her husband had seen.

Keiser said that investigators for Meshbesher and Bailey had questioned him about what he had seen, but that they asked him not to discuss it with any body else.

On cross-examination by Assistant Prosecutor Goulett, Keiser was asked if he didn't think they ought to have notified the prosecutor's office.

"I thought I was doing the right thing," he said.

Following Keiser to the stand was his wife, who said she had called Meshbesher's office after hearing her husband's account. She, too, said the investigators for the lawyer asked her not to discuss the case with anyone.

The defense then brought Vincent Carraher, the investigator for Meshbesher, to the stand He testified that he had tried to find out if Keiser's name was in the records, but that both the fire captain whose men had battled the blaze and Chief Investigator Woods had refused to let him see any of the records. He said they would not talk to him about the case

The defense then rested its case.

The following day, Friday, June 2nd, the prosecution brought to the stand five policemen, all attired in what might be called dress uniforms All four testified that they had not talked to Mr. Keiser. They said they had not taken the names and addresses of any civilians.

Richard Sather, driver of the fire chief's car, was sworn and said he was in uniform but not with gear for fighting fires. He said he had talked to the occupant of the house across the street from the Mitchell home but had not taken his name and address.

Cross-examined by Bailey, Sather said it was fire department policy not to seek statements from eyewitnesses and not to take statements unless they were volunteered. He said he had told no one of having talked to Keiser, although no one had asked him about it until now.

In his closing address to the jury, Prosecutor Scott charged that Nancy Mitchell was killed by her husband, who set fires in the living room and bedroom in an attempt to destroy the evidence. He said the jury had to decide: "Did Nancy Mitchell strangle herself or was it the strong hands of a chiropractor?"

In his closing statement, Attorney Bailey told the jurors that they must not dismiss the possibility that Nancy Mitchell strangled herself simply because it is "rare."

He pointed out to the jury that Mrs. Mitchell was distraught, that she had taken drugs in the past, that she was concerned about cancer, that she was in a frenzy of disappointment over a Christmas she thought was to be her last, and that she might have suffered brain damage in a fight with her husband

He asked that the jurors sit in the jury room and squeeze their throats to see how quickly the sensation of self-strangulation seemed critical.

"When you get to a point where you think you may do serious damage," he said, "stop and then consider whether you could have gone further."

In his charge to the jury, Judge Fosseen said they could find Dr. Mitchell not guilty, that they could find him guilty of first-degree murder, which means the crime was planned; of second-degree murder or first-degree manslaughter, both of which are crimes committed in the heat of passion.

The case went to the jury about 4:30 p.m., Friday, June 2nd, and deliberations continued until 9:40 p.m., with time out for dinner.

The jury reported they had found Dr. Mitchell guilty of first-degree manslaughter—that is, that he had killed in a rage. They later said they soon ruled out the possibility that his wife had strangled herself.

Defense Attorney Bailey said he would take an appeal to a higher court. Meanwhile, Judge Fosseen deferred sentencing for several weeks while he studied presentence investigation. As this was written, the investigation was still going on and Dr. Mitchell still was free on $15,000 bail.

★★★

Who Was the Knifer . . .? *(from page 33)*

tending to rape her and that she was pretending to cooperate with him—up to a point—stalling for time."

The strength of this theory was founded in the fact that Mrs. Carfero's slacks and blouse were draped, untorn, on a chair in the bedroom. Captain Berni reasoned that the victim removed these garments in an effort to stall for time so that she could reach either the revolver or the rifle. But then the killer probably sensed that his victim's hesitation was a ruse and became enraged.

"The slash marks on the forearms indicate she tried to fight him off," Dr. Weinberg said.

While Berni and Dr. Weinberg were discussing the killer's possible modus operandi, detectives who had been next door questioning Mr. Carfero in his neighbor's apartment came back to report on their findings. They told of bruises on the little boy's face and body which may have been inflicted by the killer.

"My son didn't have any marks on him when I left for work this morning," Carfero told the detectives.

This gave rise to speculation that the boy may have started to cry and raise a fuss when the intruder began to attack his mother, and was struck in an effort to silence him.

But this was still only theory. The child conceivably could have sustained the injuries by falling against the railing or headboard of his crib. Regardless of how he was hurt, the all-important matter now was to find the man who killed his mother.

A glimmer of hope was brought in by the detectives who had gone out to question neighbors. One team of officers had found a woman who told about a man who had come to her door asking to stuck a leaky faucet. In his report the detective quoted the woman as saying:

"It happened last Monday. It was roughly two o'clock in the afternoon when my doorbell rang. I didn't open the door, but I asked who it was. A man's voice said he had been sent to check my leaky faucet. But I didn't have a leaky faucet, so I didn't let him in. Then I phoned the superintendent and he told me that he hadn't sent anyone. I'm glad I didn't open the door."

Now, for the first time, it began to look as though the man who had killed Mrs. Carfero may have been prowling around the apartment development for several days.

And if that was the case—perhaps he had approached other residents. It became imperative now to question every possible dweller in the development. But the hour was growing late and lights were beginning to dim throughout the sprawling apartment complex.

"First thing in the morning," commanded Captain Berni, "we ring every bell in Country Club."

After Mrs. Carfero's body was removed to the Suffolk County morgue, detectives from the police laboratory remained behind combing the death apartment for evidence the killer may have left behind and for his fingerprints. Whether any such clues were found remained a secret—police kept a tight mantle of security over all such information.

The next morning detectives were back in the Country Club development, doing just as Berni had directed. The doorbell-ringing routine had been all through the day as 30 sleuths went to every one of the apartments whose tenants had not been questioned the night before and asked questions.

By day's end, the most productive interrogation proved to be that of Joan Wlado, a housewife and mother of three children, who told detectives about a conversation she had with Mrs. Carfero the previous Friday.

"I met her in the afternoon (on Monday) when I was on my way to the supermarket," Mrs. Wlado said. "Christa told me that she had been approached Friday by a stranger who identified himself as a replacement for Charlie, our regular handyman in the development, who had just left for another job.

"He asked her if she had any repairs to be made. We laughed because it has been so hard to get anything done. Then she told me that she asked him about leaky windows and broken venetian blinds, and he promised to fix them on Monday.

"But on Monday she left a note on the door saying she had to go out and asked him to return the next day. I didn't see her again so I don't know what happened . . ."

This witness' account was the best information police had received up to that point in what apparently had happened—a bogus repairman prowling through Country Gardens in search of a potential victim.

Police theorized that the man's objective was not murder, but rape. And the fact that he targeted in on Mrs. Carfero was attributed to her exceptional beauty. As one neighbor described her to police: "She was a small Kim Novak," he said. "She was a wonderful person, so friendly and kind, and she was a wonderful mother."

Other neighbors also reported on how friendly and kind Mrs. Carfero had been. Others tended to indicate that she may have been taken in by the phony handyman who was making the rounds over the past few days in hope of finding some unsuspecting woman who'd let him into her apartment.

"If Mrs. Carfero had only spoken to her husband about the arrangement she made with the man she would still be alive today," Captain Berni said.

Detectives who questioned the superintendent again were told about another woman in the development she had encountered a stranger who had tried to enter her apartment on the pretense that he had been sent to fix a leak in her bathroom ceiling. She, too, did not admit him and called the office to complain about the intruder.

But before telephoning, this woman

Page 47
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Page 48
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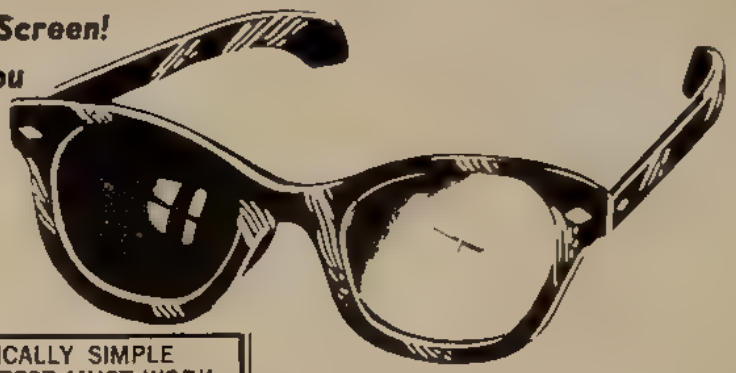

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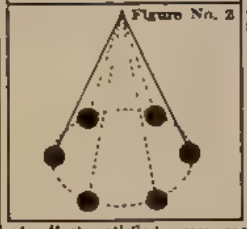
Figure No. 2



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(Continued from page 48)

looking for her. I told him I thought she was with him. But he said they had a fight several weeks before and that she had left him. He said he had not seen her since. I asked him about the telegram and the $40 they had sent and he told me, 'I sent that telegram myself.'

Betty's aunt knew when she received that phone call that her niece was dead. But she said nothing of this to Bradford. The Los Angeles officers had told her a few days before that in all probability Bradford would call her. She was asked to give him no information, but to try to find out where he was if he reached.

Betty's aunt said Bradford had told her he was calling her from somewhere between Chicago and Detroit. He said he was due in in Washington, D.C., on December 5th and expected to be in Durham a short time later.

But that was the last Betty's aunt heard from him. She was able to tell the detectives that Bradford was telling the truth when he said he had been in New York because a relative there informed her that Bradford had shown up on November 29th inquiring about Betty.

About the same time, the sheriff's detectives learned that the marriage certificate which Betty had sent to her aunt could not be legitimate. A detective in the intelligence unit of the Los Angeles Police Department who heard that the Sheriff's office was making some inquiries into the whereabouts of Bradford came up with the tip that Bradford already had a wife and child living in the South Los Angeles area.

He told the sheriff's detectives that Mary Bradford had filed for divorce from her husband but that the decree was not final. Sheriff's detectives called on Bradford's wife but the woman was so fearful of her husband that she refused to say anything to them.

However, she did say that early in November her husband remarked to her that he thought he could have to kill Betty Peace because he was afraid she was going to the police and tell them of his burglary operations. She said she tried to talk him out of it.

However, anything Bradford had said to Betty Peace was inadmissible as evidence, since it was hearsay But it did convince the detectives they were on the right track in their quest for Bradford. On December 14th, 1966 the sheriff's office broadcast a nationwide "Want" for Bradford on suspicion of murder.

With the help of the intelligence unit detective, who probably knew more about Bradford than any policeman, the sheriff's officers located a hairdresser who told them:

● That sometime in June, 1966, Betty had called her for an appointment and explained that her hair was matted with blood from a pistol-whipping which Bradford had inflicted on her.

● On November 3rd, several hours before Betty had made her last phone call to her aunt, the murder victim had her hair styled by the hairdresser – informant. She said Betty was in the shop for three hours and Bradford called for her about 6:30 p.m., paid the $17 tab with a $20 bill and then left with the girl.

● She said she saw Bradford later that night, about 10 p.m., or about an hour before the phone call to Durham. She said she asked where Betty was and was told she was in the rear of a neighborhood barbershop. The hairdresser said she didn't want to appear inquisitive so she didn't press Bradford further. She pointed out, however, that she did not see Betty at this time.

● The hairdresser also told the officers that Bradford had bought Betty a new wig and that she had trimmed it for her.

● She said Betty told her she wanted to get away from Bradford and live a normal life but she was afraid of Bradford. She said he refused to allow her to have any friends and had even forbidden her to get friendly with the hairdresser.

While detectives were piecing together the background of Bradford and Betty Peace, as well as events leading up to the disappearance of Betty and the violence of events that followed her murder, the scientific investigation continued along other lines.

Harry McKechan and Daniel Snell of the sheriff's physical sciences unit said their examination of Betty Peace's body at the coroner's office revealed that it had been burned with acid.

By using what he called PH paper that had been treated with a type of dye, McKechan concluded that the chemical which had mutilated the body and destroyed the dead girl's clothing was sulphuric acid. And an examination of the body and the murder scene indicated that a large quantity of the corrosive acid—perhaps as much as several gallons—had been used.

It was obvious at this point that if Bradford was to be connected with the murder that he would have to be connected with the acid. But first of all, Bradford would have to be found.

Medical Examiner Woodard disclosed in his final autopsy report that in his opinion Betty Peace was alive when the acid was poured on her fully-clothed body on the mountain fire trail. The non-fatal skull fractures indicated that she might have been knocked unconscious before the acid was used.

Asked how he knew the girl was alive before she was burned, Woodard replied that he found incomplete evidence of tissue reaction to the burns. He said that attempts on the part of the tissue to repair the injury would not occur after death.

He also reported that a large quantity of acid had been poured on the head and face and became gradually less as it was poured down the body toward the feet. Woodward said the head injuries suggested that she had been knocked unconscious before the acid was used. A rock found wrapped in a piece of toweling at the murder scene could have been the weapon used to inflict the head injuries, Woodard indicated.

Sheriff's detectives, in their talks with Mrs. Bradford, learned that Betty had been seen with her husband on November 5th-6th, he was driving a 1966 Ford, which she said had been rented. A check of car rental agencies on 1966 Fords leased early in November disclosed that on November 1, 1966, such a car had been rented at Los Angeles International Airport.

The leasing agreement had been signed by "Mrs. Betty Bradford").

The car had been rented on November 1st and had travelled 328 miles when it was returned on November 5th. The car was located in the garage of a downtown Los Angeles hotel—it was being leased by another customer—and a scientific examination found traces of crystalized sulphuric acid in the trunk!

Thus, it appeared that Betty Peace herself had rented the white car that carried her to her death in the mountains.

The physical sciences unit of the Sheriff's Department found that the steak knife found at the scene of the murder had been etched and stained by sulphuric acid. The 21st piece of tuning seal found at the scene also showed traces of sulphuric acid. It was apparently the seal from the acid container.

The web of circumstantial evidence against Bradford was drawing tighter, but there was still physical evidence to connect him with the actual murder.

On December 14th, Mrs. Mary Bradford contacted sheriff's detectives and then she had just received a phone call from her husband. He told her he was staying in the Imperial Hotel in Chicago and asked her to catch the first plane and meet him there.

Chicago police checked the hotel, but found no trace of Bradford. They said later that the phone call had been made from a pay station at O'Hare International Airport.

On December 20th, Bradford called his wife again and told her he would call her in a couple of hours at her aunt's house. Mrs. Bradford told the detectives that when the phone call came in, it was tape-recorded. He talked for 13 minutes, but did little more than attempt to persuade his wife to join him in Chicago. But the phone call was traced to a pay station in Chicago.

On the afternoon of December 27th, Bradford called his friend in the Los Angeles police intelligence unit and told the detective he was in Chicago and wanted to give himself up, but he didn't say for what crime. He wanted to know what the bail would be and how he could contact his wife. He agreed to call the officer later that night at 7 p.m., but he never did.

In the meantime, sheriff's officers had obtained a sample of Bradford's handwriting from a letter he had written to his wife. It was compared with the signature on the money order application sent from Detroit to Betty's aunt on November 4th and it was determined beyond a shadow of doubt that Bradford had signed that application "Mr. and Mrs. James Bradford."

This was still circumstantial. Betty's aunt had already explained that in the December 2nd phone call she received from Bradford he had told her, "I sent that telegram and the money. Betty wasn't with me. She ran off and left me."

There were other bits of circumstantial evidence uncovered by sheriff's detectives. Mrs. Bradford said that her husband came to her house on November 5th driving the leased Ford. She said he had called her on the phone on November 3rd and said he was going to kill Betty because she wanted to go to the police on him. She said when he came to visit her on the 5th, he told her, "It's all over," and she assumed from this that he had killed the young girl.

At that time the usually well-

dressed James Bradford was wearing a pair of trousers that were not matched with his coat. Mrs. Bradford said he told her he had "messed up" the pair to the coat and had to throw them away

This could mean, of course, that he had "messed" them up with the sulphuric acid, but there was nothing to prove it

On January 8, 1967 a police patrol unit in Detroit spotted Bradford on the street and took him into custody At the time of his arrest he was carrying a loaded .38 and police said they found a marijuana cigarette in his pocket

He was booked on suspicion of possessing marijuana until his arraignment on the fugitive warrant from Los Angeles. On the flight to California, Bradford was advised of his constitutional rights to silence and counsel And he did not volunteer any information as to the whereabouts of Betty Peace since she had allegedly walked out on him in Los Angeles.

He was arraigned on the murder charge on February 14th and a preliminary hearing began on February 23rd before Municipal Judge Joan Dempsey Klein. Deputy District Attorney Herbert Jacobowitz represented the state. Attorneys Charles Lloyd and S. Allen Early Jr. represented the accused man.

At the time of the hearing, the evidence against Bradford was circumstantial. He had been known to have beaten and threatened Betty Peace. She had expressed the desire to get away from him and said that she was afraid of him. She had no other boy friends, because he refused to let her have any friends at all—even women friends.

He had been last seen with her at 6:30 p.m. on November 3rd and Bradford and Miss Peace were known to have been together at 11 p.m. that same night when they talked to Betty's aunt on the telephone.

The suspect's wife told police that on Nov. 3 Bradford had threatened to kill Miss Peace, that she tried to talk him out of it and the following day he showed up at her mother's house, wearing mismatched clothes and telling her that he "did it." At that time he was also driving a 1966 rented Ford which police later found and discovered crystalized sulphuric acid—the chemical that caused the death of Betty Peace—in the trunk of the car

At the conclusion of the preliminary hearing testimony on February 27th, Attorney Lloyd made a motion to dismiss the murder charge against his client

"There is no evidence here that will substantiate this charge," Lloyd said "There is nothing to connect this defendant with any criminal homicide. There is no doubt in my mind that we have a murder here. There is no doubt about the crime. But what about the evidence?

"I have been waiting all along for one witness to come forward and tie this defendant to any killing."

But Judge Klein disagreed. She recounted that in the summer of 1966 there was bad feeling between the defendant and the victim, that Betty had been pistol-whipped by him, and that "the defendant had threatened to beat her face in"

Said Judge Dempsey "You have evidence here that the victim died between November 4th and November 8th and the defendant was seen with the victim as late as 6:30 p.m. on November 3rd. This is a highly calculated type of killing where someone went to a great deal of plans and effort

"The motive seems to have been to cause a great deal of torture to this woman or to obliterate any identification of her. We have ruled out any possibility of a sex killing. Therefore, counselor, I have to conclude that this was done by someone close to this young woman, someone who had a strong feeling against her."

Lloyd pointed out that the previous assaults on Miss Peace by Bradford were "spontaneous" and referred to the murder of the 20-year-old woman as a "gangland style, professional style killing."

In disagreeing with Judge Klein's feeling that Bradford should be held to answer for the murder and bound over for trial, Lloyd said, "We don't have any substantial evidence. We have innuendo, conjecture, speculation, and nothing more. I beg the court not to hold Bradford for trial on such meager evidence. There is not one iota of evidence pointing to Bradford."

Judge Klein replied, "The prolonged close relationship between the victim and the defendant causes this court to feel that the defendant would indeed be a prime suspect. Apparently their relationship was not one of hearts and flowers. There was a lot of ill will and bad feeling.

"The type of killing indicated a great deal of hatred. There is extremely strong circumstantial evidence to link this deceased with this defendant."

And with that James Bradford Jr was ordered held for trial, but not before the judge warned him not to attempt to intimidate or to have friends intimidate anyone who might be called as a witness.

Bradford was held without bail in the county jail until his trial began in Superior Court before Judge Herbert V. Walker on May 11. Deputy District Attorney Mario L. Fukuto was assigned to handle the prosecution and the possibility of getting a first-degree murder conviction from a jury based on the evidence on hand seemed pretty thin. There was not a shred of evidence available to link Bradford to the crime.

Then the prosecution got a series of breaks. The first came when Judge Walker recessed the trial until May 22nd because of an important trip he had to make to New York

Then Fukuto got a surprise call from the Los Angeles Police Department intelligence officer who had first informed sheriff's detectives of the whereabouts of Bradford's wife The policeman asked Fukuto, "How would you like to have the tags from the container of acid Bradford bought?"

He said Mrs. Mary Bradford had found them in her trash can on November 5th but was so afraid of her husband that she hesitated to give them to the police. The district attorney's office assigned its own investigators to the case and learned from the tags that the acid appeared to have been purchased from McKesson-Robbins in Los Angeles.

Company executives went through their records and could find no single sale of a container of sulphuric acid during late October and early November. But a company employee had another idea—why not check multiple sales during the same period? And they struck pay dirt!

A receipt showed that early in November, a man who identified himself as James Marshall had purchased two 15-gallon containers of the acid. He listed his address as 5152 W. Adams Blvd. but when investigators went to that address they discovered it was a school where authorities knew of no John Marshall and said the school would not have any need for the acid

The McKesson-Robbins employee who sold the acid to "John Marshall" was shown a photograph of Bradford and said he was almost certain that he was the man who had bought the acid It appeared that Bradford had given a false name and address to cover his tracks

On another tip from the intelligence officer, district attorney's in-

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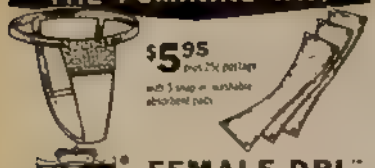
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vestigators went to the garage of a relative of Bradford and there they found a gray, 15-gallon acid container. Missing from it was the "O" ring seal that had been found at the scene of the murder.

Mrs. Bradford was still reluctant to testify against her husband. For some reason she insisted that she would not testify unless her divorce from him was final. The district attorney's office expedited that and on May 25th after the trial resumed she took the stand.

She told how she became curious when her husband went outside to the trash cans when he visited her on November 3rd and then asked if he could leave something in a relative's garage. She also noticed that when he returned from the trash can he carefully washed his hands.

When he left, she said, she found the tags in the trash and kept them. Later she discovered the acid container in the garage.

On the witness stand she also testified that Bradford had given her a watch and a ring on November 5th and the prosecution alleged that these items had belonged to the murdered woman.

At the request of Deputy District Attorney Fukuto, the court called a brief recess while district attorney's investigators went on a treasure hunt as suggested by the intelligence officer. They came up with a pair of $55 brown alligator shoes believed to have belonged to Bradford and a new wig believed to have been Betty Peace's.

During the trial Bradford had been wearing a similar pair of black alligator shoes. Both pairs bore the trade mark Bannister. There was only one difference—the brown pair showed traces of having been damaged by sulphuric acid!

According to Fukuto, Bradford later admitted that the damaged shoes were his, but he was unable to explain why he had purchased the acid and how he damaged his expensive shoes.

Bradford took the stand in his own defense and stuck with his story that Betty Peace left him in Los Angeles on November 4th and that he never saw or heard from her again. But the jury of 8 men and 4 women refused to believe his story.

He was found guilty of first-degree murder on June 10th and sentenced to death in the gas chamber on July 17. The evidence that came out after the trial had started clinched the State's case against James Bradford. Without the evidence linking Bradford to the sulphuric acid, he might well be walking the streets a free man today.

Now, pending an automatic review of his case by the State Supreme Court of California, he faces death in the gas chamber for the horrible death he inflicted on Betty Louise Peace.

The question that plagues law enforcement officers is one that will probably never be answered. How was Betty Peace lured to the place where she was killed? She was used to traveling in Cadillacs. Didn't she question the mountain trip in the Ford? Or had her skull been smashed and was she knocked unconscious before she was taken up that mountain?

That remains the secret of the man who killed her. ★ ★ ★

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Homicidal Glue Sniffer . . . *(from page 24)*

After working on the program for about three months, Holko presented the plans to the city fathers and they were adopted. The Westland Police Department officially came into existence on October 24, 1966, with Chief Clayton as its head and with Captain Holko as the second in command.

Now, after less than eight months of existence, the Westland department was faced with the greatest challenge that can confront any police organization—find a vicious killer.

All the Westland officers, as well as the city's residents, were thinking of The Giggling Rapist. Was he responsible for the savage murders of the two little girls?

Captain Holko didn't think so. The Giggler had been brutal and he had used a knife, but he had not killed any of his victims. The murderer of the two little girls, unlike The Giggler who seemed to gloat in torturing and taunting his victims but letting them live to tell about it, apparently had tried to cover his crime.

At the field, Chief Clayton and others tried to reconstruct the crime on the basis of the information they had and what the canvassing officers had learned so far:

Debbie, who was in the third grade, and Kimberly, who was in the first grade at the Stottlemyer School, had been cautioned, along with all other pupils, to go straight home, not to cut through fields and not to talk to strangers. They apparently decided to take the diagonal course through the field.

The assailant, who apparently had been drinking beer, was in the thicket of bushes and saw them coming. "We don't think he was waiting for them," said the chief. "We believe it was an accidental encounter and that the crimes occurred on the spur of the moment. We believe the killer was a large person."

The girls apparently had been assaulted in the open field and not in the thicket. "It seems inconceivable that this could have happened without somebody seeing something," the chief added. He pointed out that several persons had been busy mowing their lawns at the time, all of them within sight and earshot of the scene of the crimes.

Although there is the open field on one side of Marquette Road and one side of North Wayne Road, the chief pointed out that there are many houses on the other side of both streets and that the field is clearly visible from their front yards.

Because Chief Clayton and Captain Holko were convinced that one or more persons must have seen something they had not yet reported, the canvass was continued and some officers went over ground already covered.

Meanwhile, Corporals Spisak and Hornbohl and Detective Frost had completed their dogged search of the field, but they hadn't found anything else.

"We've missed something," muttered Corporal Hornbohl. "I'm not sure what."

Corporal Spisak groaned. "You think we ought to make another search of the field?"

"I don't know," Hornbohl replied. "Not yet anyway. Let's go back to that thicket and have a better look. Maybe we missed something there."

They returned to the clump of bushes where the beer cans had been found earlier. Now, they began a more careful, inch-by-inch search, getting down on their hands and knees and moving from the outer edges to the center very slowly.

Detective Frost moved some underbrush, then excitedly called to the others: "Look! Here's something."

What he had uncovered was a pile of empty glue tubes. There were a dozen in all and they had contained airplane model glue, the kind that has become so popular with teenagers all over the country for glue-sniffing parties.

At a glance, it appeared that three of the tubes were fresh. The others bore signs of having been out in the elements and looked weatherbeaten.

The tubes were picked up carefully in order not to spoil any fingerprints that might have been left on them. Chief Clayton and Captain Holko were notified and the tubes were rushed to the state police crime lab for processing.

The discovery of the glue tubes changed the entire character of the investigation. Canvassing detectives were instructed to inquire about known glue-sniffers, where glue-sniffing parties were held, and what teenagers had been seen going to the field, *that afternoon* or any other afternoon, to dispose of the empty tubes.

At headquarters, the drunken man who had been picked up a short time after the discovery of the bodies had slept awhile in a cell, then had been plied with black coffee and other restoratives so that he now was relatively sober. He identified himself as Lorence McCollough, 39, and admitted that he had consumed five cans of beer in the field.

However, he insisted that this had not been enough to make him so drunk and that he had gone to a tavern after he left the field. He had consumed more beer and then had seen a crowd of people near the open field. He started back there and was arrested. He insisted he had not seen any little girls and certainly hadn't harmed them.

He was held while attempts were made to check his story.

The canvassing detectives ran into reluctance when they started asking about glue-sniffers and about teenagers who had entered the field. However, they began to give the detectives names. The first two of these turned out to be boys the police already had questioned and checked out.

Then a woman recalled seeing a man who matched McCollough's description. She said she hadn't mentioned him before because he had left the field around 1:30, at a time when the two young victims still were in school.

"Did you see him after that?" asked Patrolman Squire.

"No," the woman replied. "I guess

I wouldn't have noticed him at all except that he was staggering a little.

"You're sure about the time?"

"Yes. It was right around 1:30."

Further inquiry was made at the barroom McCollough had named. The bartender confirmed that the [illegible] had come in between 1:30 and 2 and had not left until shortly after four o'clock.

This substantiated McCollough's story and he was released, cleared of any complicity in the crimes.

This didn't surprise Captain Holko too much. He knew that while alcohol stimulates the sex drive, too much can render a man incapable of rape — and McCollough certainly seemed to have been well over the dividing line between potency and impotence.

During the next few hours, every policemen on the Westland force was on duty. Some stayed at posts where their services were essential, but all others worked to try to find the killer of the two young victims.

Their teachers were questioned and both said they were very sweet little girls. Kimmie's teacher recalled that she had spilled her marbles as she was gathering up her things in preparation for going home. They had scattered about the room, some rolling under desks. Kimmie had collected all she could find, then had told her teacher: "If there are any others, I can get them Monday."

Both teachers said that the young sisters had never mentioned having been approached by a man or boy, and that neither of them seemed afraid as they skipped out of the school and started on what was destined to be their last journey.

It now appeared that Chief Clayton's speculation that the assault had resulted from a chance encounter was correct. But who was the killer? Why was he in the field?

The glue-sniffer, Captain Holko decided. The teenager who had disposed of the three fresh tubes undoubtedly was the one they sought. As the canvassing officers called in reports of progress—or lack of it—Holko told them to concentrate on the questions about glue-sniffers.

At the Wayne County morgue, meanwhile, Dr. Burton had completed the post-mortem examinations. His original belief that the two girls had died of ligature strangulation by means of the socks was confirmed. He said the sexual assaults occurred after the strangulation and both girls either were dead or were dying at the time they were attacked.

As the detectives and patrolmen continued their intensive canvass, concentrating on the glue-sniffing factor, they began to pick up stories from neighbors who initially had been reluctant to talk on this subject.

They said there was a house on Marquette, across from the park, that had been the headquarters for a gang of glue-sniffing teenagers for about two years. They said there usually were six to ten boys at the parties, which were carried on sometimes in the afternoon and sometimes late at night.

"Those parties get pretty wild sometimes," one woman told the officers.

This was confirmed by other neighbors.

The detectives continued to ask questions and a boy's name was mentioned. It was that of John Turner, 14. The name was familiar to juvenile officers, who had had occasion to deal with him. He was known to them as a chronic truant. Blond, and tall for his age, he didn't like to go to school.

Before moving, the Westland police made a quiet investigation of young Turner's background. He lived with his parents in a two-story brick home on a quiet street about a mile and a half from the Crowther home.

He was well-liked by the neighborhood youngsters and especially by the girls. He was five feet six inches tall, weighed 150 pounds and "thought he was tough," according to one report. Another said that when he wanted anything he wouldn't hesitate to resort to violence, that he sometimes flew into a rage that didn't subside until he had accomplished his objective.

Generally, however, he was regarded as a very likable, very polite teenager. Although he had not been noticed doing chores around his own home, he often volunteered to help others—to shovel snow, mow the lawn, etc.

When police went to his home to talk to him, they were told that John, a "chronic runnway," had run away from home again and hadn't been there for about two weeks. However, there was no record that the police had been notified that he was missing.

Next, the officers went to the house on Marquette. After some inquiry, the police learned of a girl friend in the neighborhood. There they found three youths, including John Turner. All three boys were taken to headquarters.

They were interviewed by Captain Holko. As with adults, juveniles cannot be questioned as suspects until they have been informed of their rights, which include having a lawyer present. So they were interviewed as possible witnesses.

Their stories did not agree with what the neighbors had told the detectives. Captain Holko held them and called Assistant Wayne County Prosecutor Edward Ferris, who is in charge of juvenile cases for Prosecutor William Cahalan. Mr. Ferris drove to Westland at once, arriving around midnight.

Judge James Lincoln was notified of the case and then Prosecutor Ferris, the parents, the three boys and Captain Holko drove to the County Youth home in Detroit. There, Prosecutor Ferris advised the youths of their constitutional rights. According to the police, all three gave statements.

According to two of the boys, all three had been at the home on Marquette that afternoon and all three had been sniffing glue. There were three empty tubes and Turner left to dispose of them. A short time later one of the other boys left and went into the field to walk his dog.

As he entered the field, he met Turner, who was just coming out. He went on into the field while Turner returned to the house on Marquette where the third boy still was. When the other boy returned, he said, he noticed that Turner had changed his clothes.

Later, after the two boys had been in the field with police and had returned home, they said that Turner told them: "I think I committed the crime."

Both boys said that Turner had not been sure of what had happened because he had been "high" on the fumes from the glue.

Then, according to the police, Turner admitted that he had killed the two girls. But he refused to answer questions then. He was held officially on a charge of truancy and Judge Lincoln set a hearing for May 3rd.

On that date, police presented enough evidence to warrant holding the boy on a charge of first-degree murder. He was held without bond at the youth home, pending trial which under Michigan law would have to be held after a waiting period of 30 days. Judge Lincoln appointed Francis J. Prebenda, a former assistant prosecutor, to defend young Turner.

On June 5th, the case went to trial before Judge Lincoln, with the public and the press excluded. However, the case was handled in much the same manner as a first-degree murder trial of an adult.

Turner could not be waived for trial as an adult because Michigan law does not permit it. Only juveniles 15 or over may be waived to an adult court.

After several days of hearings, Judge Lincoln issued a long statement, in which he said that John Turner would be confined at least until his 19th birthday. In his statement Judge Lincoln commended the Westland police for a very creditable job.

"This 14-year-old boy was the only one involved in the sex assaults and the slaying of these two juveniles," his statement said in part. "This conclusion could be established without the testimony of the boy beyond any doubt. The boy himself then testified in detail as to how he strangled the two girls—even as to how one remained alive longer than the other. The testimony of all witnesses, the physical facts and the boy's own explanation all clearly established not only that the boy committed these acts, but also established in detail how he committed them."

Judge Lincoln pointed out that he was emphasizing this so that other parents in the community would not be alarmed that a possible confederate was still free.

Commenting on the glue-sniffing, Judge Lincoln said it caused intoxication that was similar to alcoholic intoxication, but not in every respect.

"The drug that caused this boy to become intoxicated is toluene," he said. "It is inhaled into the lungs and gets directly into the blood stream without going through the digestive system. In effect, it is an instant drunk."

Judge Lincoln said that he personally would ask the Michigan legislature to enact some sort of law that would help to put the harmful drug out of reach of teenagers.

He said, also, that John Turner was to be given further tests to determine where he is to be confined, whether in a school for boys or in a mental institution. He said the tests will be exhaustive. But in the meantime, John Turner is confined. As this was written, final determination as to where he would be sent had not been made. ★ ★ ★

The name, Lorence McCollough, as used in the foregoing story, is fictitious.

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Boudoir Killing *(from page 37)*

have been forty-eight hours. We didn't begin our investigation soon enough after the shooting to be able to pinpoint the time."

And so at this point in the investigation, no one could say for certain when Mrs. Kirschke and Drankham died, although it was generally supposed that the death occurred in the pre-dawn hours of that Saturday morning—some time after they left the club at 1 a.m.

The coroner's report stated that "the cause of death in both cases was a gunshot wound to the head. Toxicological studies revealed that Mrs. Kirschke's blood ethanol (alcohol) was .18 percent. Mr. Drankhan's ethanol level was negative."

McStay said that the presence in the bloodstream of .15 percent of alcohol or more is usually considered as meaning a person is "under the influence" of alcohol. Ethanol is the precise chemical terminology for the type of alcohol involved. And so it would appear that during their stay at the yacht club bar, it was Mrs. Kirschke who was doing the drinking and Drankham doing very little.

The coroner's report also revealed that the two bullets fired at the couple caused three wounds. Investigators said the first bullet apparently creased Drankham and then killed Mrs. Kirschke, and the second shot killed Drankham. Neither body showed powder burns, which meant that the bullets were not fired from close range.

Drankham had been grazed on the left forehead by one bullet. Another entered behind his left ear, ranging from left to right in a slightly upward direction. The bullet that killed Mrs. Kirschke entered about her right ear, going from right to left. Both bullets were recovered from the heads of the victims—but the death weapon has not been found.

Captain John Black of the Long Beach Department commented, "It is speculation, of course, but it would appear that one bullet left a mark across Drankham's forehead and might have been the same bullet that killed Mrs. Kirschke. No other bullet holes were found in the bedroom."

Attorney Ramsey offered this interpretation:

"They could have been both lying on the bed, she face up, he face down. The first shot creased his forehead and killed her. He leaped up, possibly to turn on a light switch at the right of the bed and was hit by the second shot, falling between the bed and the wall.

"There is a window about four feet to the left of the bed. It was found open, with the screen removed. The shots would almost certainly have had to have been fired through this window. The man who did this would have to be an expert marksman—which my client is not. Except perhaps for a stag pistol, I don't believe he has been known to have ever fired a pistol.

But the entire case still appeared to hinge on the time of death. Police investigators said Kirschke's neighbors heard "doors slamming"—sounds which could have been the fatal shots —sometime between 1:30 a.m. and 2:30 that morning.

Kirschke said a gas station attendant in Yermo recalled selling him gas sometime between 2:30 and 4 a.m. that morning. With the time of death at its earliest (1:30 a.m.) and the purchase of gas at its latest (4 a.m.) it might have just been possible for Kirschke to leave the Long Beach area shortly after 1:30 a.m. and make the 2 hour and 45 minute drive to Yermo in time to buy gas at 4 a.m.

The Kirschke case had been a strange one from the very start. Fearing that any statements from them might provide the cops, law enforcement agencies kept silent on their progress in the investigation. In a reversal of what has been called "leak by newspaper," practically all the statements have been made by Kirschke himself or by his lawyer, Albert Ramsey. For weeks they had been answering any and all questions put to them by newspapermen.

But by mid-May, both the prosecutor's office and police were convinced that the attorney general would have to refer the case to the Los Angeles County grand jury for a hearing. And they both expected that an indictment on two counts of murder would result.

Said Kirschke, "They'll probably ask for an indictment but the prosecution's case is circumstantial against me. Next to apprehending the person who shot Elaine and Bill, it's the best thing that could happen for me and my family."

He added, "You see, I'm in sort of a limbo. For the rest of my life when I fill out an application for employment, a bond, a loan, a security clearance, or whatever, and the question is asked, 'Have you ever been arrested?,' I'll have to answer, 'Yes. Two counts of murder.'

"If no indictment is returned, the explanation will simply be, 'Released, not filed' and that's kind of washy, washy, doesn't it? Win, lose, or draw, there's a cloud over me."

Commented Ramsey, "They pretty well have to indict to get the case off their backs. What we are worrying about now is being able to make bail if he is indicted."

Explaining his financial situation, Kirschke said that he and his wife owned no property. They rented the $275 a month apartment on the Palo Alto, traveled with the yacht and private plane crowd, spent their money freely, and although their combined salaries totaled more than $35,000 a year, they had little to show for it.

Kirschke said his son offered to turn over to him a $4,000 insurance policy left to the boy by his mother. However, it turned out that Kirschke himself was the beneficiary of that policy. He said, "And there was another insurance policy. I don't know what it was for. The policies were at my office and they have been seized by law enforcement officers. My best guess is that all the life insurance policies would not exceed $10,000."

Kirschke, who was admittedly in debt, was asked if the insurance policies could be considered the motive for the murder. He replied, "They aren't going to be able to find that motive no matter how hard they look."

The accused prosecutor described his financial situation as "severe" and said, "There's nothing left. Not one nickel."

Asked for his theory on the double slaying, Kirschke said, "There's always the possibility that when Elaine and Bill returned to the house they surprised some dope-crazed burglar and he shot his way out.

"Or, possibly Bill was simply the victim of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Maybe it was someone who was mad at me. It would be perfectly reasonable for the shooter to infer that the person in the bedroom of my house with my wife was me.

"In the eleven years I have been a prosecutor I can recall only one threat to 'get me' by a defendant I prosecuted. Maybe there were others who brooded silently in some jail cell."

Ramsey said there were other theories that could also be considered. He said Mrs. Kirschke had been quoted as saying she was afraid of another man (not her husband) whom she didn't want to see her with Drankham. Drankham was rumored to have another girl friend who might have been jealous, and there was the fact that Mrs. Kirschke was about to testify as a witness in an important law suit involving her employer and a large estate.

"I'm not saying any of these is the answer," said Ramsey. "But it should be kept in mind that there are other alternatives to Jack Kirschke having been the responsible party."

Asked if he thought the state could present enough evidence at a preliminary hearing or at a grand jury hearing to hold him for trial, Kirschke replied, "I don't know what evidence they could have. I don't know what possible evidence they could have at all."

On May 23rd, Attorney General Lynch made his decision. He announced that the Kirschke case would be referred to the Los Angeles County grand jury on June 1st by Assistant Attorney General Albert Harris. Ramsey said he would ask permit Kirschke to appear and testify unless he could accompany him into the grand jury room. And since attorneys are usually barred from the hearing by law, it was a foregone conclusion that Kirschke would not be present.

When informed of the pending hearing, Kirschke commented, "It's a good thing The matter is finally reaching a point where my own position will be clarified. There's a cloud over my head and I want to see it dissipated."

On June 1st, 21 members of the grand jury heard Deputy Harris' two hour and 35-minute outline of the case for 15 minutes and voted to conduct a full hearing into the double slaying. The investigation had been under way for two months and it was estimated it would take the jury several days to hear the testimony of some 30 witnesses scheduled to be subpoenaed.

At the grand jury hearing a neighbor who had been walking his dog past the Kirschke apartment at 2:30 p.m. on the night of April 7th told the jurors that he had seen Mrs. Kirschke and Drankham in the living room, apparently before they went to the yacht club.

The Kirschkes' upstairs neighbor, Ed Harold, testified that he went to bed early on the night of the 7th and was awakened early in the morning by "loud noises." He said, "I heard sounds like people banging against the walls. There were many voices going on at once. I heard two noises like cabinet doors closing in the kitchen. Then there was silence. I didn't hear anything else so I thought things were quieting down and I went back to sleep.

At the time of the two noises my wife rolled over and asked, 'What was that?' and I said, 'They're at it again.'

Harold said he looked at the clock at an angle and thought it was 2:30 a.m. but when he was asked if it could have been 1:30 a.m. or 2:30 he replied that it could have been either.

Downey police officers testified that when they spoke to Harold immediately after the bodies were found he had estimated the time of the two noises at about 4 a.m. and his wife estimated it was between 3:30 and 4 a.m.

Kirschke's alibi was that he was driving to Las Vegas alone at that time and stopped for gas at Yermo between 2:30 and 4 a.m.

Deputy Sheriff Lowe, Deputy sheriff Greene, who found the bodies, said that about two weeks before Christmas, 1966, he glanced into the Kirschke window and saw a spat taking place. Asked what he saw, the witness replied:

"I observed Mr. Kirschke with his back to me. He appeared to have Mrs. Kirschke up against the wall or the archway leading from the kitchen to the dining room and appeared to be striking her."

Asked if he actually saw Kirschke hit his wife, the witness replied, "Yes, sir, I did."

Two other witnesses also testified that the Kirschke marriage had been anything but serene. Mrs. Helen Smith, a friend of the murdered woman, said that on March 30 she had received a phone call from Mrs. Kirschke about 2 a.m. from a friend's home.

She said she found Mrs. Kirschke hiding in the bushes at the friend's house and said the prosecutor's wife told her that her husband had beaten her up and that she didn't want to stay at the friend's house "because it was too close and he (Jack) knew the house too well."

Mrs. Smith was asked, "Did she say anything to the effect that she had made a decision to shoot before she left the Kirschke house?" and Mrs. Smith replied:

"Yes. She said to him, 'Why don't you get a gun and shoot me?' "

Mrs. Smith also testified about the relationship between Mrs. Kirschke and Drankham, and said that if Jack had ever said anything about it. Mrs. Smith replied, "Yes, he did. I thought it was very unusual for his attitude. And he said Drankham had worked hard all her life and she was over forty and might as well enjoy herself."

If jealousy was thought to be the motive for the double slaying, this attitude of Jack Kirschke's certainly didn't seem to indicate it.

Another witness friend of Mrs. Kirschke's told the grand jury that she had seen bruises on Mrs. Kirschke's arms on several occasions and that at a party she had once asked the prosecutor's wife about her ribs. She quoted Mrs. Kirschke as saying:

"They are much better. I'm just lucky Jack didn't break my neck."

Inspector G E McIntyre of the Long Beach police department told

the jury that in his opinion the shots could not have been fired from the window because of the angle the bullet hit the bodies.

He said his theory was that the shots were fired from the right side of the bed. On the right side of the bed is a wall closet that could have been a hiding place for the killer.

McIntyre also discounted the burglary theory, pointing out that cameras, jewelry and cash in the house were undisturbed. McIntyre said he talked to Kirschke for about 45 minutes at the Victorville sheriff's substation and that Kirschke had theorized that his wife and her lover might have been killed by a cat burglar.

Assistant Attorney General Harris asked McIntyre:

Q. In driving from Victorville to Long Beach did Mr. Kirschke make any comment?

A. Yes. Well, I couldn't quote him verbatim, but he said, 'I guess there goes my judgeship.'

Q. Did he make any comment indicating sorrow or remorse about his wife?

A. No, sir.

Two key witnesses at the hearing were the gas station attendants from Yermo, California.

Tom Gridley, 19, testified that he recalled seeing Kirschke's car at the station early on the morning of April 8th because it was one of the few VW's he had ever seen with a paint job that had oxidized.

He said, "The paint job was oxidized and you don't see many oxidized VW's on the road." He said that when Kirschke and Joe Carroll, investigator for Attorney Ramsey, drove into the gas station that Saturday afternoon after the murders he remembered the car at once. He said that Kirschke had also asked him for a cash receipt for the gas he bought.

He placed the time as being between 2:30 a.m. and 3:30 a.m. Asked if it could have been as late as 4 a.m., Gridley replied, "No," and explained that his partner, Harry Bennet, takes a nap at 4 a.m. and he was about to lie down when he called to him to give him a hand with a sudden rush of business.

Bennet said he couldn't identify Kirschke as the man who was in the desert gas station on the morning of April 7th but when he drove into the station a week later and asked him if he remembered the VW he was driving, Bennet told Harris and the grand jury:

"When he said that it hit me like a ton of bricks. Before I walked over to his car I asked him, 'Sir, do you have light upholstery in your auto?' because this was starting to come back to me and he said, 'Why don't you go over and look yourself, son?' I did and he did have light seat upholstery."

Bennet couldn't say for certain that the man who had talked to him about some torn upholstery in his car on the morning of April 8th was Kirschke, but he was certain that Kirschke's car was the one he had examined.

Like Gridley he could not pinpoint the time Kirschke was in the station on April 7th but was certain it was between 2:30 a.m. and 4 a.m.

Thus the time element stood up. It could have been as early as 1:30 a.m. when the double slaying took place and as late as 4 a.m. when Kirschke pulled into the desert gas station. And a man driving a 1962 VW possibly could have made the trip from Long Beach to Yermo in 2 hours and 30 minutes.

Inspector McIntyre also told the jury of a handwritten note he found in a chest of drawers in the bedroom where the bodies of Mrs. Kirschke and Drankham were found. He said it was not written by Kirschke but appeared to have been dictated to someone—probably to Mrs. Kirschke—by someone with legal training. It was not dated and read in part:

"We agree that until May 1, 1967 we will live in our house at 185 Rivo Alto but in separate bedrooms, neither one will harass the other . . without sexual provocation or invitation.

"Commencing May 1, 1967 for a one year trial period we will cohabit with the understanding that neither one will seek out the companionship of the opposite sex in any manner.

"Until May 1, 1967 each one agrees to inform the other of all planned or unplanned activities whatsoever in whatever social activities either party should be involved in. . . .

"If we are still speaking at that time we agree to behave for one year and at that time we will make the ultimate as to our future . . provided each of us has lived up to our basic agreement."

The meaning and significance of the note has not been commented on by either Kirschke or his attorney. But investigators theorized that it was written by Mrs. Kirschke and dictated to her by her husband.

But the most damning of all the evidence brought out at the grand jury hearing was a blue shirt-type sweater that was found in Kirschke's luggage when he was taken into custody. Testimony was presented by St. Clair L. McClary, investigator for the state bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation.

He said small stains of human blood were found between the third and fourth buttons on the underside of the sweater where they were hidden by the top fold. He said it appeared to have been made by someone who had slipped his hand into the sweater to see if it was buttoned.

McClary said the blood was found to be Type O and that both Mrs. Kirschke and Drankham had blood of that type—which, by the way, is the most common of all types. It was not determined whether Kirschke's blood was type O.

Harris also pointed out that Kirschke had been seen wearing that blue shirt-sweater on April 7th!

Harris also told the jurors that according to Kirschke's statement, he checked into the airport parking lot and his ticket was stamped at 8:26 p.m. on April 7th. A check of the parking tickets at the airport showed that five cars had checked into the parking lot at that time. But all those that had checked in at 8:26 had left before 9:46 p.m. that same night!

Kirschke said he stayed at the airport until some time between 11 p.m. and midnight when he decided to drive to Las Vegas instead of catching a plane for the gambling spa.

On June 13th, the grand jury digested four days of hearings and two months of investigative reports and voted to indict Jack Kirschke for the murders of his wife and her lover. Minutes later, District Attorney Evelle J. Younger announced he was suspending Kirschke from the post he had held for 11 years.

Kirschke himself took the news calmly but insisted that the jurors had been wrong. "They got the wrong person," he said. "Hell, yes, they did. I didn't do it."

The jury had heard 36 witnesses and deliberated less than two hours before they returned the indictment. Kirschke's lawyer asked Superior Judge Robert Fennerman to surrender his client without going through the usual formality of having the suspect arrested.

Judge Fennerman said that "as a courtesy" the court would withhold issuing the warrant. Usually in murder cases, the defendant is held without bail but Judge Fennerman left that question open until Kirschke surrendered.

The prosecutor admitted he had no funds available to pay for a bail bond but said he would count on his friends to stand up for him as personal sureties. He said, "I guess now is when I find out how many friends I have."

The following day 10 friends of Kirschke appeared ready to offer personal surety for Kirschke's bond. But it was a futile gesture. Bail was denied and he was ordered taken into custody.

He is currently being held in the Los Angeles County jail awaiting arraignment, plea, and subsequent trial by a jury of his peers.

In the indictment against Jack Kirschke, it was grimly pointed out:

"The people may seek a death penalty against Jack Kirschke."

Regardless of the outcome of the case, life will never again be the same along the Rivo Alto—at least not for Jack Kirschke. ★ ★ ★

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. . . Murder to Music *(from page 41)*

him and tried to catch up."

At high speeds, Clecey continued, he and the young fellow had continued the chase and were gaining rapidly on the fleeing Pontiac when it entered a dead-end street, not far from the Quast ranch house. When the man saw he had gotten himself trapped in a cul-de-sac, he leaped out of his car and took off on foot. Clecey said he started to follow him, but "the guy pulled out a pistol and fired straight at me."

Clecey, who by now had been joined by the other youth who had joined him in the pursuit, said they lost the fleeing man, but had continued driving around hoping to find him again when they spotted the loitering of the two cars in front of the Quast home and stopped to report what had happened.

To Farley, the situation was clear. They had an armed man loose who would not hesitate to shoot to avoid capture. He had failed in his attempt to snatch a young girl, but he had succeeded in his second abduction attempt, and stolen a car.

"Get out an all-points, fast," the chief ordered. "I don't know who this guy is, but we've got to get him quick. I just hope we get him before somebody is killed."

Roadblocks, ordered in the first alert when the abduction of Carl Quast was reported, were already in operation on strategic highway points in a 50-mile radius. The Arizona Highway Patrol, the sheriffs' departments of Pinal, Gila and Maricopa Counties and the Phoenix Police Department were already actively involved in the manhunt. And within 20 minutes of the issuance of the chief's all-points bulletin, helicopters and small private planes were in the air assisting the law enforcement agencies.

In the mind of every officer was the certain knowledge that each passing minute diminished the chances for Carl Quast to be rescued alive. But the minutes continued to pass, with no word of the fugitive or his captive. Daylight was fast fading into dusk, and dusk would soon be darkness, and that would change the odds in the kidnaper's favor. Under cover of darkness, it would be a simple matter for him to elude his pursuers in the desert wilderness surrounding the area.

Chief Farley and Captain Adams, meanwhile, had returned to headquarters in Tempe, where they could keep close tabs on progress reports in the flood-control station. Thus far, they were discouraging, to say the least.

But abruptly, at about a quarter past eight, the picture changed. Over the police radio speaker came a report from a patrol car containing two Maricopa County deputies:

"We have the kidnap car in sight. We're on his tail, traveling fast. He's heading west on Highway 84 near Gila Bend . . ."

Gila Bend is some 50 miles southwest of Phoenix. A few minutes later the deputy reported they could see only one occupant in the car they were pursuing, the driver. Less than five minutes later, came word that the race was almost over; they had overtaken the car and were pulling alongside.

"That's the ball game," Captain Adams said tautly. "They'll force him off the road in a second. He hasn't got a chance trying to outdrive those boys."

Chief Farley nodded, then added quietly, "I just hope they don't have to shoot. I want this guy alive."

Captain Adams had called the turn as accurately as if he'd had a ringside seat. The two deputies had inched their cruiser ahead of the fleeing car, then gradually crowded him closer and ever closer to the shoulder of the road, their siren screaming, the red rear roofligh whirling, and the deputy in the passenger seat leaning out his window with his service pistol trained on the driver of the fugitive car.

The latter finally realized he didn't have a chance of eluding them and gave up trying. He pulled over to the side and stopped, and in the next instant he stepped out of the car with his hands held high.

"Don't shoot," he pleaded as the two officers came running toward him pistols drawn. "Don't shoot!"

As one of the officers gave him a fast frisk, then snapped handcuffs on his wrists, the other went back to Carl Quast's car and flashed a light over its interior. There was no one else in the car. But it was obvious that it had contained another passenger, and quite recently.

The back seat was covered with blood splatters, still wet and fluid. Taking the keys out of the ignition, he checked the contents of the trunk. There was no one there.

When they reported to their headquarters, deputies were instructed to bring their captive back to police headquarters in Casa Grande. There they received new orders to take him to the Pinal County sheriff's office in Florence.

It was there that the man was interrogated about what he had done with Carl Quast. The prisoner had given his name as Donald Stephen Palmer, 44 years old. He proved to have a talent for loquacity, but the news he had to tell them was not welcome.

Palmer said he had shot the man he'd kidnaped and disposed of his body on the desert, just off the highway. He pinpointed the spot as about five miles west of Casa Grande. He had been captured on the outskirts of Gila Bend, which is 57 miles west of Casa Grande and about 75 miles southwest of Tempe, where he had kidnaped Quast and commandeered his car.

In a mild display of remorse, the prisoner said, "I'm sorry about the old man. He'd still be alive if he didn't try to hit me with that hammer. I shot him. Once didn't stop him. I shot him again."

Under questioning, the stocky little guy said he was a musician—a pianist. He said he'd been working for several months in Tucson. Apparently he had lived on the Tucson job, however, and had come to Phoenix to try to land another job in the Arizona capital.

He agreed to show the lawmen the spot where he had dumped his victim's body and he was put in a car with Sheriff Laurence White of Pinal County and County Criminal Investigators Dave Satterfield and Earl Keenum. Following the prisoner's directions, they reached the lonely spot in the desert, five miles west of Casa Grande, where they found the corpse of Carl Quast.

He lay sprawled on his stomach on the sand beside a growth of sagebrush.

At the scene of the shooting, Palmer disclosed that the man dude when he had jammed down the retired rancher. He had remained near the body until after dark, figuring his chances of escape would be better then. He said he was planning to swipe some license plates and switch them onto Quast's car, then head for the Mexican border.

On the return trip, the prisoner decided to unburden himself still further. "My name isn't Palmer," he confided. "My real name is Cozzie Merrill Jones. And I might as well tell you guys—you'll find out anyway . . . I'm an escaped convict. I broke out of the Indiana State Prison in September, 1960."

"Why did you kill Carl Quast?" Sheriff White asked him.

According to the sheriff, Jones answered, "Those two guys were chasing me. He did not go beyond that at this time.

Sheriff White also said that Jones denied any intention of harming the 10-year-old girl seen with him by Gil Clecey. He claimed that he was being a Good Samaritan at the time. He thought it was dangerous for a little girl to be walking alone in what he called "an isolated area," so he just offered her a ride home.

"Why were you carrying a gun?" the sheriff asked.

Jones shrugged. "Because I escaped from prison, and I didn't want to go back."

As for details of why he had been sent to prison, Jones said he was sent up in 1941 for murder. When Sheriff White got back to his office, he immediately called the Indiana State Prison in Michigan City, Indiana, and checked on his prison-mate's story. Officials there confirmed that Jones, serving a life sentence for murder, had escaped nearly 15 months before.

Cozzie Merrill Jones, the Indiana authorities said, had been convicted of the murder, in May, 1941, of Edith Idell Barton, a 12-year-old girl from Terre Haute, Indiana. Her mutilated body had been found in a lake near Terre Haute.

Talking for all the world like a poor unfortunate who had been the victim of unlucky circumstances, Jones kept protesting that he had never intended to harm a hair of Carl Quast's head.

"He was a nice old guy," he said. "He talked real nice to me."

Then, apparently forgetting the crime for which he had spent nearly 20 years in an Indiana prison, he declared, "I never harmed nobody in my — life!"

In an interview with a Phoenix reporter, Jones said that after they had left his kidnap victim's home, he asked Quast if he had any rope in the car, "and he told me he had some in the back of the car. After I got through Casa Grande I was going to tie him and leave him in the car and hitch a ride.

"I still don't know where he got the hammer, unless he had it in his pocket."

A meticulous ground search for the

hammer was conducted in the area designated by Jones as the one in which his victim tried to attack him with the tool, but no hammer could be found. Quast's family insisted there never was a hammer in that car.

At one point during his flight from Tempe, Jones said, they made a stop at a filling station for gas and cigarettes. After they resumed driving, he ordered Quast into the back seat and told him to lie down on the floorboards. Quast obeyed, for a time, according to his captor.

"I was going along about 70 miles an hour and watching him in the rear view mirror," Jones shrugged helplessly as he reached the point in his story which he cited as the reason for shooting his kidnap victim.

"He tried to hit me with a hammer. What could I do? Get wrecked and hurt me, too?"

After shooting Quast, Jones said, he discovered he had no more bullets. "I thought I had one left for myself, but it was spent, I don't know where . . ." Shrugging as if to emphasize how the breaks went against him, he said, "There was a half a box (of bullets) in my car."

He was referring to his own car which he had been forced to abandon when he was chased into the dead-end street.

Explicit and voluble though he was when revealing certain details, Jones seemed to choose to be deliberately vague about others. He said he was a minister's son, but he did not elaborate. On the subject of his musical background, he said his sister had taught him to play the piano when he was a child. He had a vast repertoire of popular, romantic songs, he said, and with his talent, he could always pick up a well-paying job playing in cocktail lounges.

His address? "No place. Now I have no home at all. I lived with a woman in Tucson about two years. I thought I'd done real well. One night she just disappeared. I loved her so much, for weeks I couldn't do nothing but set!"

The medical examiner's report stated that Carl Quast had been shot three times, twice in the head, and once in the back.

From all appearances, the case involving Cozzie Merrill Jones had reached its climax and now there was nothing left but to clean up a few details. Very shortly, however, it would become apparent that only the first act of this fantastic drama had ended.

The next day, after the banty piano player had voluntarily signed a detailed confession to the slaying of Carl Quast, he drew Sheriff White aside.

"He asked to talk to me in private," the sheriff disclosed later. "I took him into my office and after a couple of minutes of silence, he told me of killing another man in Arkansas, two months before."

As Sheriff White related the conversation, Jones had said that he'd shot some hitchhiker, then threw his body out along the road somewhere near Joplin, Missouri. He claimed the hitchhiker had tried to attack him with a knife.

If the ex-convict's story was true, that killing involved interstate elements that would fall within the jurisdiction of the FBI, so Sheriff White promptly notified the federal agency.

Questioned by G-Men, Cozzie Jones reportedly said he had put his victim's body in the car trunk and carried it some 300 miles before disposing of it beside a road near Joplin.

A call was placed to Sheriff George Hickam at Carthage, Missouri, county seat of Jasper County. Sheriff Hickam immediately confirmed that such a murder victim had been found, and his account of the discovery jibed with the details recounted by Jones.

"We found it October 14th," Hickam said, "but we never got an identification on the victim till a week ago Sunday, . . . that was November 25th." He explained that the identification was finally made through fingerprint records of the Canadian Armed Forces in Ottawa.

The roadside victim was Robert Fillmore, 29, whose home town was Sydney, Nova Scotia. A check with his family disclosed that Fillmore was a circus hypnotist. He had left Canada on October 1st to go to the States, where he planned to enroll in a school to study beauty culture. His wife had a letter from him dated October 8, 1962, in which he had said he was heading for Kansas City, Missouri. He was thought to be carrying about $100 in cash and $250 in travelers checks at that time.

According to the Missouri sheriff, Fillmore had been shot in the back, twice. Sheriff White requested Sheriff Hickam to send him a copy of all the reports on the Missouri killing. White then conferred with the FBI regarding a point that had been nagging him ever since the new development had broken.

"I've got a hunch this guy didn't kill Fillmore in Arkansas, as he claims," White said. "I think he's trying to get himself prosecuted on a federal rap, hoping he can get out from under Arizona prosecution for the Quast killing."

White's theory made a lot of sense. The case against Jones in the Arizona slaying was pretty clear-cut, and it would require a miracle to beat it. The Fillmore killing, on the other hand, would be much more difficult to prove as a case of coldblooded murder. Jones was claiming self defense in that one, and from all appearances, it would be almost impossible for the prosecution to prove he was lying.

FBI agents went to work on it. He changed his story somewhat, mainly regarding the spot where he had first met Fillmore, but the changes were not particularly significant. Ultimately, the break they were seeking came from Canadian police, who advised the FBI that they had located a relative of Fillmore who had received a postcard from him. The card was postmarked St. Louis, Missouri, on the morning of the day he was slain.

When Sheriff White confronted the bantam ex-con with this information, he reportedly confessed that he had lied, that he had, in fact, shot the young Canadian in Missouri.

In the meantime, the case had been attracting widespread publicity, particularly throughout Arizona. In Tucson, Sheriff Burr had followed the news accounts with particular interest. Still claiming high priority in his

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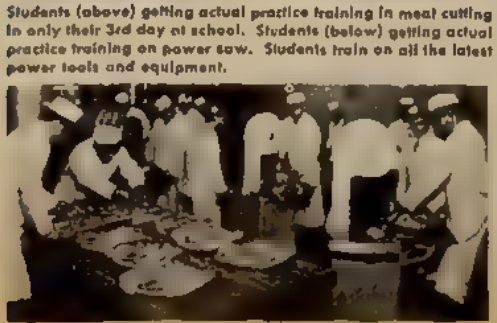

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file of unfinished investigations was the brutal murder, 20 months ago, of the pretty little eight-year-old girl, Marguerita Bejarano. His department, and officers and detectives of the Tucson Police Department under Chief Bernard L. Garmire, had questioned more than 700 persons.

Among them was a 25-year-old mental patient who had "confessed" the crime. His confession was thoroughly investigated and proved to be false. The identity of the killer still remained a mystery.

Chief Garmire told reporters, "We've run ballistics tests on hundreds of .22 caliber guns, but we have literally hundreds more to test." He said that his detectives had learned that nearly 8,000 guns which could have fired the two bullets removed from the body of the little girl had been sold in the area within the past few years. "Anyone could have the murder weapon. They sell for from $6 to $18 at many stores here."

Sheriff Burr found two points in the newspaper accounts of the Coszie Merrill Jones case that claimed his interest with special intensity. First, Jones was reported seen trying to force a 10-year-old girl into his car. Second, Jones had said he lived in Tucson for about six months just before he went to the Phoenix area and became embroiled in the Quast case.

The city of Tempe where Carl Quast lived, is practically adjacent to Phoenix.

Sheriff Burr, after reading everything in the news reports he could find, telephoned Sheriff White in Florence, explained the problems he had encountered in the Bejarano investigation, and said he'd like to send a couple of his men up to Florence to talk to Cozzie Merrill Jones.

"I don't know that it'll be worth the effort," Burr said to his fellow sheriff, "but with the stone wall I've run into on this case, I'm not overlooking any bet."

The officers Burr chose to send on this mission were two of his ablest men, Richard Estrella and Richard Smith. Estrella was a young, alert officer, with a keen, incisive mind. He is bi-lingual and his record in Sheriff Burr's department was outstanding. Smith was somewhat older, but with a wealth of experience. He had spent 27 years in the Marines and was a full colonel when he was released.

Arriving in Florence, they had to wait to see Jones, who had been taken out to perform a reenactment of the slaying of the retired rancher. Advised of the arrival of the Tucson detectives when he returned, the ex-con turned surly and refused to talk to them. Undismayed, the officers said they'd try again the next day.

In the meantime, they had a fruitful discussion of the case with Pinal County detectives, in the course of which they learned that Cozzie Jones had changed his story about the length of time he had been living in Tucson. He now admitted that he had lived in that city ever since he escaped from the Indiana prison in the fall of 1956.

"That places him in Tucson in March 1961, when the Bejarano girl was killed," Detective Estrella pointed out immediately.

Detective Smith asked about Jones' car, the one he abandoned in the flood and stole, and learned it had been impounded in Tempe. Smith arranged for permission to examine it and the two officers drove to Tempe. He learned, they learned, Tempe police had found a carton crammed full of pornographic pictures.

Smith and Estrella examined the car, without significant result, then had a chat with Captain Adams, who suddenly recalled that along with the pornographic stuff in the trunk, "we found a couple of other photographs that might interest you. I'll have them brought in."

The photos were two small snapshots; one showed nothing but a wooden railroad bridge, the other was a picture of a small girl. There was no writing on the backs of either of the snapshots, nothing to identify or explain the subjects.

The young girl, of course, could have been someone Jones knew and whose picture he had kept for sentimental reasons.

The bridge, however, was something else, and certainly a highly incongruous scenic view to be kept among a collection of obscene photographs.

"I can think of a dozen bridges that are practically carbon copies of this one," Detective Estrella commented, "but why would anyone carry around a shot of a plain old railroad bridge —with nothing else in the picture—unless the bridge had some special significance?"

Neither Detective Smith nor Captain Adams had the answer, but it was a point they all tabbed for further exploration.

The next day, Smith and Estrella found Jones a bit more cooperative, but they could not shake him from his claim that he was completely innocent of any involvement in the slaying of little Marguerita Bejarano. He did concede that he had been living in the Tucson area at the time that crime was committed, and they also persuaded him to agree to take a lie detector test, which was arranged for the following day. They, in turn, agreed to Jones' stipulation that the test should be administered by a Tucson expert.

Under the skilful interrogation of Smith and Estrella, Jones had lapsed into a pleasant, amiable mood. They never accused; their manner was one of mild interest in what the prisoner had to say about this point or that point, much like a casual conversation among chance acquaintances. When the session was over, the officers rose to leave and were half way out the door when Detective Smith paused suddenly.

"By the way, Cozzie," he said mildly, "did you happen to own a gun while you were living in Tucson?"

Without hesitation, Jones said he'd had a rifle for a while; he had used it for hunting. When the detective asked where it was now, Jones said he had pawned it with a woman he knew who lives in Florence. He gave them her address. The two officers drove back to Tucson and immediately went to see her.

She still had the gun and showed it to them. They saw at once that it was the wrong caliber; it could not be the death weapon in the slaying of the little girl.

Estrella fired a shot in the dark. "Did he ever hock anything else with you?" he asked the woman.

She reacted immediately. "Come to think of it, he did," she said. "Wait a minute." She left the room and returned a few moments later carrying a small box. "I lent him money on this, too," she said.

The box contained a small pearl-handled .22 caliber revolver, which had been made in Germany.

The detectives took it at once to the ballistics section for test-firings to compare its bullets against those which had killed Marguerita Bejarano.

Within the hour, they had the results of the comparison test. The bullets matched! The German-made .22 was the death gun in the Bejarano case!

In the meantime, other officers had checked on Jones' reported address while he resided in Tucson. They established that Cozzie had lived within a block and a half of Marguerita's house.

The polygraph test administered to Cozzie Jones by John Rohr, polygraph expert from the Pima County sheriff's office, proved to be inconclusive. One of the reasons for this, according to Rohr, was the subject's reluctance to cooperate.

Detectives Estrella and Smith, however, regarded this as a minor setback. They now confronted Jones with the evidence they had dug up to connect him with the killing of the little girl. In this session, however, they found themselves dealing with a very stubborn Jones. He had numerous explanations about the .22, most of them conflicting with one another. Finally he refused flatly to answer any more questions.

It was after dark when the dogtired officers gave up, for the time being. They told Florence officers they would head back to Tucson and come back the next day. As they were leaving, they asked a Florence detective to recommend a good restaurant where they could eat before starting home. He did so, and they said they'd stop in for a steak.

They didn't quite finish it, because mid-way through the meal, a call from the sheriff's office interrupted them. The meal could wait. The message was too important:

"Jones just said he'd like to talk to you again—now!"

They rushed back to the jail and within minutes, according to a statement released later, Jones allegedly admitted that he had slain Marguerita Bejarano. The following excerpts of his three-page statement were give to the press:

"Earlier on Friday, March 24 (1961) I woke up early with the uncontrollable desire to see and talk to a young girl. I drove down to the Tucson Sport Center and I saw a little girl walking by herself."

He told the detectives that he offered Marguerita a ride to school. This apparently was how he enticed

"I hate to tell you this, Miss, but I practice law. Dr. Weaver moved out a month ago"

her into the car. When he passed the school without stopping, however, the little girl began crying.

The ex-con then told of driving northwest until he came to a bridge. There, he said, "I put my arm around her and tried to comfort her."

A little later, Jones said, he asked Marguerita if she would "tell" on him if he returned her unharmed. He said the child replied, "Yes. I'll tell my mother, the teacher, and the police."

The girl told him she was thirsty, the statement continued, and he let her out of the car. But after getting a drink "from a little brook," Jones reportedly said, she jumped up and ran. He then shot her in the back of the head with the .22 caliber German-made revolver he had with him.

"I picked her up and put her in some tall bushes under the bridge," he said, "and started back to the car when I heard her moan. I returned and shot her again in the head.

"She didn't moan any more," he continued. "I went back to my car and sat in it for an hour and a half and cried. Then I drove back to town."

"I went to her funeral," Jones added, "and I am the one who put flowers on her grave every other day or so."

Sheriff Burr told reporters that flowers actually were put on the little girl's grave only "two or three times," and this was about a week apart.

Sheriff Burr declared his intention of filing murder charges against the piano-playing ex-con which would serve as a detainer action pending the results of Jones' trial in the Quast slaying.

In retrospect, it is clear that but for the detailed news accounts widely circulated and printed following the suspect's capture after the kidnaping and shooting of Carl Quast, Sheriff Burr might never have been prompted to investigate Cozzie Merrill Jones in connection with the Bejarano case. So brief a time elapsed—only a few hours—between the abduction and capture of the suspect, that the police bulletins on the state-wide teletype network had made no mention of the fact that the same man was suspected of having attempted to lure a small girl into his car just prior to the fatal kidnaping.

Sheriff Burr learned this highly significant fact only from reading the newspapers. Like most veteran lawmen, he staunchly believes that under certain circumstances, press publicity can be a powerful ally of law enforcement.

In addition to Burr's detainer, the State of Missouri also filed a murder detainer against Cozzie Jones. A few days later, the banty ex-con repudiated the confession he allegedly signed admitting that he was responsible for the death of the Bejarano child. Officials put little stock in his repudiation, pointing out that he had disclosed details which could have been known only to the man who had killed Marguerita.

Cozzie Merrill Jones, in an appearance before Pinal County Superior Court Judge T. J. Mahoney on December 31, 1962, pleaded guilty to the slaying of Carl W. Quast, over the objections of William Haus, the attorney appointed to defend him.

Counselor Haus advised the judge that he tried in vain to persuade his client to withhold a plea. He had also sought to have him submit to psychiatric examination procedures.

Judge Mahoney thereupon summoned the defendant to the bench and asked him specifically if he had been fully advised of his rights.

Cozzie Jones stated that he was fully aware of his rights. "I want to plead guilty, Your Honor, and request that I be sentenced to the gas chamber as soon as possible."

Arizona law empowers a superior court judge to accept a guilty plea to a capital offense without a trial by jury, and Judge Mahoney now accepted Cozzie Jones' guilty plea. He set a later date for sentencing.

A few weeks later, on January 21, 1963, Jones appeared before Judge Mahoney again and the judge decreed that the self-admitted killer should be executed in the state's gas chamber sometime between the hours of 1 a.m. and 12 p.m. on April 5, 1963.

Not unexpectedly, Jones did not keep that date. A series of legal moves begun in his behalf effectively suspended execution of the capital sentence. Jones' attorney ultimately won an important victory when the U.S. Court of Appeals ordered a new trial, on the grounds that Jones was not allowed to change his original guilty plea. A long series of postponements followed this action.

The date for his new trial finally was set for September 1966, but shortly before it was due to begin, a determination was reached that Jones was not able to assist in his own defense and he was ordered committed to the State Mental Hospital.

In February, 1967, however, the hospital discharged him and he was returned to the Pinal County Jail at Florence, Arizona, to await a new sanity hearing and the possible rescheduling of a new trial.

On March 3rd, Judge Laurence T. Wren took under submission a decision on whether the defendant was now capable of standing trial for murder. Judge Wren listened to the testimony of two psychiatrists.

Dr. Maier Tuchler testified that Jones would be able to understand the proceedings but that, because of his psychosis, he would not be able to assist in his own defense.

Dr. Harrison Baker, chief psychiatrist at the Arizona State Hospital, dissented, however. He testified that in his opinion, Jones was competent to stand trial, although he did have a certain psychosis that might impede his defense. Judge Wren withheld his decision pending receipt of a written report from Dr. Otto Bendheim of the State Hospital.

The issue was finally resolved on April 11th, when Cozzie Merrill Jones appeared again before Judge Wren in Pinal County Superior Court in Florence. The overflow crowd of spectators, whose presence reflected the intense interest in the case throughout the State of Arizona, found the proceedings somewhat of an anti-climax.

After the years of legal battling, Cozzie Merrill Jones simply did what he had done before. He pleaded guilty for the second time to the fatal shooting of Carl Quast.

Judge Wren promptly sentenced Jones to serve a life term in the penitentiary, without the possibility of parole. ★ ★ ★

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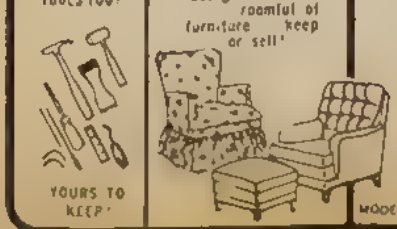

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Plot to Kill Judy . . . (from page 43)

bra, panties, a pair of stretch slacks, and low-heeled brown shoes. A bit further up the ditch they saw a pair of harlequin-shaped eye glasses.

The two men leashed their dogs and dodged the heavy traffic on the Garden State to reach parallel-running Broad Street. There they hitched a ride into Clifton to notify police.

Detectives from the Clifton force were at the scene in minutes and were followed by other detectives from the office of Passaic County Prosecutor John Thevos, who must investigate every homicide. Although the body was slightly decomposed, the policemen who had been searching the missing young woman for the past 17 days had no trouble recognizing the face.

It was Judith Kavanaugh!

Assistant Passaic County Medical Examiner William Van Vooren examined the body at the scene and determined that the victim had been murdered. Pointing to the back of the neck near the base of the skull, Dr. Van Vooren said:

"This woman was struck a death blow here. The wound would have been caused by a gun or a sharp instrument."

While patrolmen, plainclothesmen, and detectives searched the area for clues, the victim's husband and parents were notified about the murder. The mother couldn't believe her daughter was dead.

"Take me to see her," she cried. "I want to be certain it's Judy."

Grieving, she and her husband were taken to the scene, not far from their home. But the terrain was rugged and the incline into the gully too steep. The couple could not descend to the spot where their daughter was found.

The body was removed to the Harold Kent funeral home at 291 Clinton Avenue, where Fred Kavanaugh was brought in view it. The corpse was on the slab, face up, when the husband glanced at the remains with "a peculiar lack of emotion," according to a police source.

A detective asked Kavanaugh if the body was his wife's.

"I'm not sure," the husband shrugged.

"How about this ring?" the detective wanted to know. "It came off her finger. Isn't it the ring you gave her when you were married?"

"Well," Kavanaugh muttered, "I guess that's her."

Detectives then took him to Clifton police headquarters for further interrogation. Kavanaugh was taken over all the old ground that had been covered earlier during the lie tests, and much new territory. But the results were the same—he said he had no idea why his wife had disappeared, why her car had been set afire—or why she was killed or who killed her.

It was in the early morning hours before the police had exhausted their questions for Kavanaugh. His release was ordered. But before being turned out, he was admonished by First Assistant Passaic Prosecutor Joseph Donatelli: "Be sure you are available when we need you for further questioning."

Later, reporters asked Donatelli if Kavanaugh had been cooperative.

"I can't comment on that," he answered. "As far as the authorities are concerned at this time, the last person to see Mrs Kavanaugh alive was her husband. Let me caution you that we are far from finished with the investigation into her death."

A reporter wanted to know if Kavanaugh was a suspect.

"I must answer no in fairness to him at this time," Donatelli replied.

But on the morning of November 15th—the day his wife would have been 22 years old—Kavanaugh was picked up by detectives and booked as a material witness. He was arraigned in Passaic County Court in Paterson and released in $10,000 bail.

After posting bond, Kavanaugh went straight to his father-in-law.

"Do you know what they think, Mom?" he asked his mother-in-law. "They think I did it, Mom." Then Kavanaugh wept as he screamed out, "Mom, I swear I didn't do it!"

The mother was too overwrought to say anything, but her husband consoled the son-in-law.

"Please be calm," he pleaded. "Someday the police will solve the case and we will all know the truth . . ."

In their effort to get to the truth, police sought to examine the evidence in two other cases in which young women were found dead under similar strange circumstances on stretches of the parkway in the same general area in the past eight months.

One victim, Mary Ann Klinsky, 18, a Barringer Township School senior, was slain in a ravine in Holmdel Township on August 15, 1965. She was stripped of all her clothes and raped.

The other, Joanne Fantazier, 17, a Perth Amboy High School dropout, was found on February 11, 1966, along the parkway in Colts Neck Township She had been beaten to death.

However, the circumstances surrounding Judith Kavanaugh's killing varied considerably from those of the other two cases. And the motive seemed to be different. Also the autopsy showed no evidence of sexual molestation on the Clifton victim.

But there were a number of questions that were unanswered the way Judy Kavanaugh died. Police were baffled by the way her garments had been removed, as if in preparation for a sexual act in the car. The fact that her blouse was on her body, police reasoned, could conceivably be explained as an act of modesty. Possibly Judith had taken off the clothes, then put the blouse on to avoid detection by a passing motorist until the man she was with found a spot to park.

But who was the man? And why, if Judy had been willing to have an affair with him, did he kill her? Did they have an argument?

The absence of any signs of violence on the body—except for the wound in the back of the neck, which was inflicted by a bullet—indicated the possibility of premeditated murder. This conclusion was reached shortly after Dr. Van Vooren called in the famed Dr. Milton Helpern, chief medical examiner of New York City, to assist in the autopsy Dr Helpern found marks on Judy's neck which he said indicated that she may have been knocked unconscious with a blow before she was shot.

Dr. Van Vooren later explained: "It may have been a blow with the edge of the hand, like a karate shot. Or it may have been administered with the barrel or handle of the gun, or some other blunt instrument. It is very difficult to tell—but Dr Helpern has ascertained that this is what happened."

Dr. Van Vooren wouldn't comment on a report that a rope burn mark was found on the victim's neck. But sources within the medical examiner's office and Clifton police suggested that the victim had also been garrotted.

Only the family and close friends and neighbors were admitted to Judith Kavanaugh's services held in the Quinland funeral home on Wednesday, March 16th. Privacy for public were barred. But detectives were there, and when the cortege moved on to the Crest Haven Memorial Park in Clifton, something unusual occurred . . .

Detectives filmed the entire five-minute burial rite, their lenses focused on the neighbors invited to the funeral. Why?

No official police source would say, but there were suggestions that in films the Clifton police have a piece of significance. For now other matters of importance occupied center stage as the unanswered questions about the time of death and the murder of the bullet that killed Judith Kavanaugh.

Assistant Prosecutor Donatelli called Clifton police and prosecutor's office detectives together for a staff meeting to take stock of the investigation and map the next steps. Afterward he told reporters:

"Her death could have occurred three weeks ago or two weeks ago or less. We're in a difficult stage of the investigation now. First we must find out who was where and where were who. We don't know anything about her movements from the time her husband tells us she drove him to work.

"The evening before we know she ate dinner at 5:30 p.m. at her parents' home. But according to the autopsy, her stomach was filled with food. This indicates she was killed less than two hours after eating because digestion is usually completed by that time."

Detectives were assigned to check the 43rd restaurants and diners in the area on the chance that Judy had stopped off for something to eat. If they could find this eating place they might also learn if she came in with a man—or met one there.

Donatelli held out much less hope of learning more about the bullet and the gun used in Judy's death.

"It's apparent that it was some small caliber projectile. But it's impossible to make positive identification of the bullet because it was flattened out inside her neck against the bones."

Nevertheless, he went on, the prosecutor's office was assuming the bullet could have been a .22, and a search for such a gun was under way.

Later that day police who were still searching the grounds where the body was found turned up a three-foot length of rope with a tether ring, like the type used to train dogs. The speculation was that Judy was strangled with this rope, but authorities would neither confirm nor deny that.

There were no new developments in the case until Monday, March 22nd, when police in New York City picked up a 29-year-old drifter at a midtown employment agency after the owner recognized him from a circular New Jersey police had sent out for the man a week previously.

Jersey authorities wanted to question the man because he had left his pin in a restaurant near the parkway where the victim's body was found in a rather hurried fashion. He failed to show up for work the day after the slaying was discovered and never came back to pick up $19 of pay owed him.

Also suspect was interrogated by Clifton and Passaic County detectives in Manhattan for nearly eight hours During the questioning the man admitted he robbed a jewelry store in Wyoming, Michigan, and also stolen several weapons from a gun shop in Grand Rapids in May and June. But he denied that he knew Judy Kavanaugh or had any part in her murder.

He was brought before Criminal Court Judge Joseph Martinis on Wednesday, March 30th, waived extradition, and was turned over to Michigan authorities. It was evident now that Jersey police believed his story.

That meant Judith Kavanaugh's killer was still at large. And the situation remained unchanged over the next several months until the early fall, when suddenly newspaper headlines told of how police were investigating the possibility that Judy's slaying involved a pornography ring—and that some of the participants might be the victim's very neighbors!

There was no comment from official sources, but newsmen with an "in" at Prosecutor Thevos' office wrote about "bizarre" discoveries in the seven-month-old investigation. It was suggested that there had been frequent orgies among a group involving 20 couples playing "switchies" with their wives and husbands.

Thevos himself said nothing about the wife-swap reports, but he didn't have to. He announced that he was impaneling a grand jury to "study the Judith Kavanaugh investigation." The panel sat for the first time on Wednesday, October 5th.

The first session saw Thevos and his chief aide, Donatelli, present evidence. Teen on Thursday, October 13th, 15 witnesses were summoned before the panel One of those was the murdered woman's father, who testified for nearly an hour

Other witnesses heard were Newark policeman and firemen who told of finding Judy's burning car, and an attorney of Clifton who reportedly testified about a visit Judy made to him "on a legal matter" back in May, 1965. Reporters speculated that Judith was having marital difficulties then.

At the next session of the grand jury on Wednesday, October 26th, a total of 37 persons was called into the jury's private chambers in the Passaic County Courthouse.

Among the witnesses who went into the grand jury room were a couple from East Rutherford, acquaintances of Paul and Judith Kavanaugh and of Richard and Judith Cavanaugh, downstairs friends of the slain woman and her husband.

Other witnesses included a Clifton tailor; a member of the Newark Fire Department, who assertedly went be-

fore the panel to identify an article found in the dead woman's car; the owner of a Paterson dry cleaning firm, who reportedly told the grand jury about some clothing brought in for cleaning, and a friend of Paul Kavanaugh who assertedly went before the jury to refute a story given by a key witness at an earlier session having to do with a claim that friends were "protecting" Kavanaugh.

Not until the owner of the Lakeview Inn on Lakeview Avenue in Clifton was finished testifying before the jury did the session take on significance. For it then brought on the first positive indication that the probe was getting somewhere.

"It looks now that the alibi of the prime suspect has at last been shattered," said an authoritative source. "Thevos is going to press for a first-degree murder indictment, and accessory indictments for two other principals."

But there was no clue as to who the prime suspect or the two accessories might be. However, a source from Thevos' office conceded that the jury now knew who the killer was, knew who was present at the time of the killing, knew why Judy Kavanaugh was killed, and knew who helped in disposing of her body.

It was Thevos's step-by-step presentation of the evidence that had enabled the jury to reach those conclusions, the source in the prosecutor's office indicated. But before he could cement the case against the principal suspects, Thevos had to hold further sessions of the grand jury and present more witnesses and evidence.

Even as the prosecutor was preparing for that next session, a report made the rounds that the principal suspect in Judy Kavanaugh's murder had approached Thevos with an offer to plead guilty to manslaughter—but that the prosecutor had rejected it. Thevos was said to be confident that he had enough evidence to get a 1st-degree murder indictment, based on premeditation. Conviction could result in the death penalty, the maximum in New Jersey where murder is still a capital crime.

Thevos was said to have a lot going for him. The 37 witnesses who had appeared before the grand jury up to then had reportedly laid the groundwork for a first-degree murder case. Moreover, it was reported, those who had a part in disposing of Judy Kavanaugh's body in the ravine, believed to be two men, were said to be ready to turn State's evidence.

The jury convened again on Wednesday, November 2nd, for its fifth session. Now other witnesses came and some of these were strangers to the earlier probe. One was the circulation manager of Metzner Publications, of Wayne, N.J., the firm which employed Paul Kavanaugh as a routeman. This witness was closeted with the jury for 3 hours and 5 minutes—second longest period of time any of the 47 witnesses heard up to then.

The victim's mother had testified for a longer time—4 hours and 50 minutes. Her story, it was reported, bore on the marital ups and downs of her daughter and son-in-law.

A large number of employees and associates of the publishing firm were also heard at the fifth session, which gave rise to speculation that Paul Kavanaugh's statement about the last time he saw his wife was undergoing close scrutiny.

Kavanaugh had told police his wife had driven him to Garfield to meet another driver, and the two went on to their job. But the jury had heard from a supervisor of a department store warehouse in Garfield. He testified regarding a truck that Kavanaugh and his co-worker were to have picked up there for use in their delivery work.

Although no official word came out, it began to look as though all the evidence being amassed was apparently forging a case against Paul Kavanaugh—and he was beginning to be mentioned in the newspapers as the "chief suspect."

There was little question that this was so after three women neighbors completed their testimony before the jury and what they had told the panel became a matter of public knowledge:

That they had seen a large, bulky form—the size of a human body—being removed from the apartment house at 90 Hazel Street and carried to a car on the night of Thursday, February 24th—the night before Judy Kavanaugh's Corvair was found ablaze in Newark, which led ultimately to the discovery of her murder.

By the last week of November, the jury had heard 66 witnesses and it began to seem that some action might be forthcoming soon.

On the last day of the month, Wednesday, the 30th, the action came—and Paul Kavanaugh was named in a first-degree murder indictment. He was accused of killing his wife, Judy.

Three others were also indicted—his downstairs neighbors, Richard and Judith Cavanaugh, and Harold Matzner, 30, vice president of Matzner Publications, where Kavanaugh worked.

Richard and Judith were each accused on two counts of obstructing justice and false swearing, while Matzner was charged with obstructing justice.

No details were revealed when the indictments were announced, but rumors were that some 20 couples had been involved in the wife-swap ring, which assertedly was launched at a swinging New Year's Eve party that previous December 31st.

The couples reportedly played "switchies" at least once a week, using each others' homes for the orgies—and that among those who were in on the fun were one or two policemen and their wives.

The club, however, broke up its activities after Judy Kavanaugh disappeared, or at least it didn't swing with the same lust as at the beginning.

Judy Kavanaugh was slain, sources in Thevos' office indicated, because of a quarrel. Over what, nobody said.

The indictment showed that Kavanaugh evidently had engaged in some extra-curricular romance with a pretty 20-year-old brunette secretary named Deirdre Branson, of Clifton.

It was Deirdre Branson's testimony, in fact, which became of crucial importance. This was clear in the indictment which alleged that Kavanaugh had lied in three instances by saying:

- He hadn't seen Deirdre for six months prior to March 4, 1966.
- He wasn't in love with her.
- That she wanted to resume "the relationship, which included meeting at diverse times and in diverse places," but Kavanaugh said he didn't want to do so.

"In truth and in fact," read the indictment, they "did see and date each other at divers times and places during the said six months period." Moreover, the indictment said Kavanaugh "was still in love with" Deirdre Branson on March 4, 1966, and he "desired to continue his relationship" with her.

Matzner was accused of obstructing justice by attempting to dissuade Judith Kavanaugh's parents "from further aiding and cooperating with Passaic County prosecutor in the investigation of the murder."

According to the indictment, Matzner, together with Kavanaugh, told Judith's parents "that Matzner had powerful and influential friends and contacts" in Thevos' office, and that from sources in that office Matzner "was receiving confidential information respecting testimony given or to be given before the grand jury."

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while I am still able to help!

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by Victor B. Mason

Out of the thousands who read this message perhaps only you and a few others will have the vision and the intuition to realize that it may be intended that you read this page at this time—that the coincidence of holding this magazine in your hands may shape your destiny, may guide you to lots of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. I am not speaking of mysterious laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is rubbish. If this message is intended for you you are the kind of man who knows that anything worthwhile must be earned. If the earlier development of your karma has revealed to you that there is no reward without effort, you may now be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. Frankly, I am going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to convince me that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success.

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Matzner was further accused in the indictment of obstructing justice by "threatening to discharge" one of his employes "if he appeared as scheduled" at the prosecutor's office for questioning in the investigation.

The downstairs Cavanaughs were accused of lying under oath about events that occurred on February 24th, the last time Judy Kavanaugh was seen alive.

According to the indictment, Judith Cavanaugh had testified that she had watched Kavanaugh's husband coming around in their apartment upstairs on the morning of February 24th, that she had visited her mother's home in Paterson later that day, and that she and her husband returned at 7:30 that evening and never left their apartment after that.

The grand jury charged that all these statements were false, that Judy and Richard Cavanaugh "did not remain in their apartment" that day. Richard also was accused of giving "false oath" when he was interrogated after Judy Kavanaugh's disappearance. He assertedly gave a written statement claiming he heard Paul and Judith Kavanaugh "descend the stairway from their apartment" about 12:30 a.m., and then saw "Judith Kavanaugh enter an automobile which was parked outside . . . Kavanaugh having preceded her into the car."

Detectives from the prosecutor's office took Paul Kavanaugh and Richard and Judith Cavanaugh into custody at their homes, while Matzner surrendered in the Passaic County Courthouse.

Superior Court Judge Morris Pashman presided at their hearings. He imposed $2,500 bail each on Judy and Richard Cavanaugh and $5,000 bail on Matzner. They raised the bond immediately and left the courts.

Paul Kavanaugh could not be bailed. He was charged with murder in that he "willfully, feloniously, and of his malice aforethought" killed his wife

Although the case appeared to have been wrapped up, Thevos refused to state that it had been. There were indications that the future would bring other developments that would involve still questioned and new facets of criminal conspiracies might be expected.

Not until May 23, 1967, did any further developments come. Then the grand jury once more handed up indictments. This time they accused Vincent Kearney Jr., 26, of 175 Arlington Avenue, Paterson, and the late Gabriel "Johnny the Walk" DeFranco, of conspiring to move the body of Judith Kavanaugh Kearney naughs and the others. DeFranco was rubbed out in October, 1966, just as the grand jury began investigating Judy's death. His indictment after death had little meaning so far as DeFranco was concerned — but it meant a great deal to all the others who were still alive and facing prosecution.

How far the case will ultimately reach is hard to say at this time. But up to now, the ingredients that have been dropped into it have made it a potent criminal stew. New Jerseyans are looking with interest to the upcoming trial because they have rarely encountered a case involving murder, wife-swapping, and counterfeiting, all in one neatly-wrapped package.

Moreover, the announcement that famed criminal lawyer F. Lee Bailey was going to defend Harold Matzner has added a new element of interest. Bailey made the headlines earlier when he successfully defended Dr. Carl Coppolino against murder charges in New Jersey. Many believe that bigger headlines will be made when Paul Kavanaugh and company go to trial this fall.

* * *

The name Deirdre Branson, as used in the foregoing story, is fictitious.

Blood Will Tell *(from page 17)*

"I don't know who he was, but I've seen him before and I've got a good idea what he was doing there."

The bird-watcher explained that on her excursions to the wooded area she often came upon courting couples, whom she made it a point never to disturb.

"One day I spotted an interesting bird I couldn't identify," she said. "It was flitting from one tree to another and I followed it. Suddenly I came upon a young couple making love on a hillside in the bushes. I didn't let see me and I started to skirt around them. Then I saw this man, and he was deliberately watching them from behind a tree with a fixed stare in his eyes. I realized, of course, that he was a Peeping Tom and that was why he had been coming to the park alone."

Mrs. Wendell described the man as in his 40s, with a full, ruddy face and sparse gray hair. He always had on the same gray tweed jacket, she said, and he wore a cycle clip on one leg of his trousers.

Superintendent Marchant thanked Mrs. Wendell for her help and went to consult with Superintendent Lawson of the Berkshire C.I.D., to whom he described the gray-haired man. Lawson said the description sounded familiar.

"I think we've had trouble with him before," he added.

The officers drove to the police station in Newbury, and after a brief perusal of the files, Lawson picked out a folder and glanced through it.

"That may you mean must be Clarence Cooper," he said. "Several complaints have been brought against him as a Peeping Tom and he's been in custody a number of times, though we've always released him with a warning. He has no record of violence, but you can never predict what men like that may do. I think he ought to be investigated."

Cooper was a bachelor who lived in the village of Southend Bradford, and he had been questioned—and cleared in the Waddington case after giving a blood specimen. Nevertheless, Superintendent Marchant and Sergeant Chapman drove to the nearby village, where they found Cooper, a handyman, in his rented room in a private house.

They identified themselves as police officers, and he admitted them with obvious reluctance. They could understand his attitude when they saw that the walls of his room were decorated with highly revealing photographs of nearly nude women. On a table Marchant saw a copy of American nudist magazine. He thought at once of the girlie magazine that had been found in the woods not far from the bodies of the two little girls.

When the officers questioned Cooper, he regarded them with a wry smile. "I thought you might be around to see me. Indeed I was near Daffodil Woods that afternoon," he said. "But I don't know anything about those girls and I've never harmed anyone in my life.

"I'd just left my job at five o'clock, as usual, and I was on my way home. But I didn't go into the woods. I went on to the Six Bells in Beersham, where I'm well known, and stopped for a pint of beer or two. I got there at 5:45 and remained until seven o'clock. Then I went straight home. You can prove that by talking with the fellows at the Six Bells and with my landlady."

When the officers investigated Clarence Cooper's story they found that his timetable checked perfectly. Several patrons at the Six Bells public house remembered that he had come in at 5:15, as he usually did, and stayed for nearly two hours, drinking and playing darts. Since Jeannette Wigmore and Jacqueline Williams had been seen alive by the postman at 5:30, the Peeping Tom could not possibly be their slayer.

But the real explosion came on Thursday, June 29, when Harold Matzner was arrested and charged as being the man who allegedly paid a local gangster $10,000 to "take care of" Judith Kavanaugh.

Then for the first time it became a matter of public record that Judith Kavanaugh died not because of her involvement in the wife-swap ring—but because she knew too much about a counterfeit ring and had threatened to expose it

The grand jury indictment against Matzner gave no details.

It became known later that the state had substantial evidence to show that it had therefore spoken to witnesses, identified as John and Frank Shea, had sworn in affidavits during a bail hearing that Gabriel DeFranco had told them he had received $10,000 for "taking care of the broad"—Judith Kavanaugh.

To lend greater complication to an already complicated case, Gabriel DeFranco's testimony could not be expected anymore. Because he had already been killed.

But it was DeFranco's killing that brought Prosecutor Theves and his detectives into the link with the Kavayouth who wore his brown hair cut long.

"But I was with David that afternoon when the two girls were killed," he said. "He certainly couldn't have done it."

The brother went on to say that he and David had kept on working after the other employes went home at 4:15. "We worked together until nearly six o'clock, loading his truck," he said. "Then David left and parked the truck nearby, so he could make a delivery the next morning.

"About twenty minutes later I went to the canteen but and found him sitting at a table reading a newspaper. We both washed and changed our clothes, then went home."

"But you don't know where David was between 5:15 and 6:20, do you?" Superintendent Marchant asked.

"Well, no. But like I say, he was just sitting at reading. He couldn't have gone to Daffodil Woods, killed those girls and come back in twenty minutes. Anyway, David wouldn't do a terrible thing like that."

Under further questioning, however, John Burgess admitted his brother had been under psychiatric treatment as a juvenile after attempting to molest a little girl.

In view of this, Marchant and Sergeant Goldsworthy returned to the murder headquarters to investigate David Burgess further. The files told them that Burgess, who lived in the Stonyfield community of Beersham, had been given a blood test following the murder of Yolande Waddington and his sub-type did not match the blood found in the barn. Burgess had also been questioned by detectives after the murder of Jacqueline Williams and Jeannette Wigmore, and they had been satisfied with his statements.

Sergeant Goldsworthy visited neighbors of the Burgess family and questioned them about David. They described him as an average, hardworking young man who, though he was perhaps not very bright, seemed

Detectives had already attempted to trace this vaguely described man, but they had been unable to find anyone else who had seen him. Marchant now talked with Superintendent Lawson and learned that all the employees of the active gravel pit had been questioned and tentatively cleared. Nevertheless, he drove to the pit with Detective Sergeant Peter Goldsworthy, and they spoke with the employees again.

"David Burgess drives our gravel truck," the foreman told him. "He just left for the day, but his brother John is still here."

The officers talked with John Burgess in the canteen hut. He described his brother as 10 years old, a slender

to get along with everyone and cause no trouble.

The following morning, Superintendent Marchant returned to the gravel pit and was told that David Burgess was away on his truck with a load of gravel. He was granted permission to search the young driver's locker, but found nothing to arouse suspicion.

A search was then made of the canteen hut—and suddenly Marchant's sharp eyes spotted a paring knife with a green handle in the small kitchen. The blade was less than 3 inches long and quite thin—the same type which had been used in the murder of Jeannette Wigmore. It had been sharpened to a razor-like edge.

The superintendent talked with the employe who presided over the kitchen for the afternoon tea break and asked why the paring knife had been sharpened.

"I didn't sharpen it," the kitchen man said. "It was that way when I got it back."

"Got it back from where?" Marchant asked.

"Well it was missing a few days in April. Then a couple of the men found it under some old newspapers on a table in the canteen and brought it back to me."

The two employees were called in, as was John Burgess. It was established that the knife had been found at the same table where David Burgess had been reading a newspaper at 6:20 on the afternoon of the murder!

The knife had since been repeatedly washed, which would have obliterated any fingerprints or traces of blood. But when it was shown to Professor Simpson, he confirmed that it could very well be the murder weapon.

The evidence against David Burgess was still far from conclusive, but Superintendent Marchant thought it sufficient for him to be taken into custody. And so at 7:30 on Sunday morning, May 7, 1967, two detectives knocked at the front door of the red-tiled council house where Burgess lived with relatives.

They found the truck driver in bed asleep. When they woke him up he seemed astonished at their presence, but he made no objection when they asked him to dress and go with them to the police station at Newbury.

There Superintendents Marchant and Lawson were waiting. Burgess, a youth of medium build with a serious face, gazed at them anxiously as the officers questioned him, occasionally running a hand through his long dark hair.

"You mean you think I done in those little girls?" he demanded. "I never went across to those woods. I never had anything to do with it."

He was shown the green-handled knife which had been honed to razor sharpness, and Marchant told him it had been found under newspapers at the table where he had been reading.

"Well, anybody could have put it there," Burgess said. "I never saw it before."

Marchant then sent for the two farm workers, and Burgess was put into a line-up with five other men of similar age and appearance. They both picked him out as the man they had seen leaving the woods at 6:15.

When confronted with this identification, Burgess changed his story and admitted that he had walked through the woods on his way to the canteen hut, but he still denied vigorously that he had seen the girls.

While he was being questioned, detectives returned to the council house and searched his room. They came back with two shopping bags full of personal articles belonging to David Burgess. Their prize discovery was a pair of yellow boots with mud adhering to the soles, which they had found under a pile of soiled clothing in a closet. Along the side of one of the boots was a red smear that looked like blood.

Burgess was held at the police station while two detectives drove with the boot to the crime laboratory at nearby Aldermaston. They asked for an immediate test of the blood by the new method, and Professor Holden and his colleagues set to work on it. Later that day they reported that it was not of the same group as David Burgess' blood. But the blood on the boot was of the identical group and sub-type as that of Jeannette Wigmore—a type found in only 3 out of every 200 persons!

When faced with this evidence, David Burgess finally admitted that he had seen Jeannette Wigmore in the woods.

Then he told a fantastic story. He said that as he was passing through the woods, he saw the little girl lying on the ground with a man he did not know standing over her. He shouted to the man and he turned and ran, Burgess said.

Then he went over to the little girl and picked her up in his arms. She was unconscious, he said, and he saw that there was blood on her neck, but he did not think that she had been seriously hurt. Because of his past record of mental illness, he was afraid that he himself would be accused of attacking her. So he put her down again, believing she would recover and make her way home. Then he went to the canteen hut to wait for his brother.

"I didn't tell John or anyone else about the girl," he said, "because I thought I'd be blamed for what happened."

He added that he had seen nothing of the other girl, Jacqueline Williams.

"Why did you take the paring knife into the woods with you and later dispose of it in the canteen hut?" Superintendent Marchant asked.

"I didn't have any knife with me. I don't know anything about a knife."

"Why did you hide your blood-stained boots in a closet?"

The truck driver said he had not tried to hide them but had only left them there until he got a chance to clean them.

"I'm afraid we can't buy your story," Marchant told Burgess shortly. "I think you took the knife from the kitchen and sharpened it, and that you were carrying it with you that day. After you left your dump truck, you saw the two little girls get off their bicycles and go into the woods. You decided to follow them and perhaps they became separated while picking flowers.

"In any case, you seized Jeannette Wigmore and threatened her with the knife, intending to assault her. But it didn't work out right. She struggled and began to scream and you became panic-stricken and plunged the knife into her neck to silence her.

"The commotion attracted Jacqueline Williams and you knew you'd have to kill her, too, so she wouldn't tell what you'd done. She tried to run away, but you chased her into the old gravel pit, where you seized her and held her under water until you saw she was dead.

"It all took place in ten or fifteen minutes. Then you wiped the knife and hurried back to the canteen hut, where you put it in a place where anyone might have left it. There you picked up a paper and began to read, to establish an alibi with your brother. Isn't that about the way it happened?"

As Marchant made his accusations, tears formed in the youth's eyes and he began to weep like a child.

"I never killed those girls" he sobbed. "Why don't you find the man I chased away?"

In spite of Burgess's repeated denials of guilt, he was taken before a judge in nearby Reading the following day, Monday, May 8th, and charged with the knife-slaying of Jeannette Wigmore. The judge ordered him held without bond while the police continued their investigations. Then on Friday, May 26th, Burgess was also charged with the murder of Jacqueline Williams.

The police could find no evidence to connect him with the October slaying of Yolande Waddington, however, and as this account is written, that case remains unsolved.

On June 7, 1967, David Burgess was brought before the magistrates' court in Reading for his preliminary trial. Mr. Peter Barnes, Prosecutor for the Crown, told how modern criminological science had linked the accused man to the murder of the two little girls who had gone to the woods to pick flowers. He said that according to the tests, it was inconceivable that the blood on David Burgess' boot could have come from any source but the fatal knife wounds he had inflicted on Jeannette Wigmore. It was equally certain, he said, that Burgess had killed Jacqueline Williams, whose body was found only only 100 yards away.

The three magistrates agreed that the Crown's evidence strongly incriminated the young truck driver. They ordered him bound over in custody to await his formal trial at Oxford Assizes in the near future.

With the accused child-slayer still in jail, life in Beenham has begun to fall back into its normal peaceful routine. But the villagers who gather nightly for their pint of beer at the Six Bells will be talking about the murder hunt for a long time. ★ ★ ★

The names Cynthia Wendell and Clarence Cooper, as used in the foregoing story, are fictitious.

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CRIME IN AMERICA!

THE SOARING crime rate, and what to do about it, has become one of the most controversial issues of the day. Politicians, and a large segment of the public, clamor for swift, stringent measures to protect society. At the same time—blithely ignoring the contradictions in their thinking—they cry out for limitations of police power.

The country is full of self-proclaimed experts. Everyone has an answer to the problem, but the problem doesn't get solved.

Crime and criminals are commanding unprecedented attention from editorial writers and producers of television documentaries. Noted writers are turning out books, belatedly, on such notorious cases as the slaughter of the Clutter family in Kansas, the Boston Strangler, Ohio's Sheppard murder, and others.

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If you want to gain understanding and a penetrating insight into the war on crime in America, read America's leading fact crime magazines:

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Striptease Bank Robber *(from page 31)*

ployees furnished his address and the agents went there.

But Whigham was not at home and his landlady said she didn't know where he was or when he would be back. A stakeout was left to await his return.

Back at the liquor store, two employees recalled that a Negro man had come into the store on Wednesday morning, January 18th, and purchased a pint of liquor. Both remembered the incident because they didn't have too many morning customers.

They said they didn't know the man, but they described him as slender, neatly dressed and of medium complexion. He wore dark glasses and a gray felt hat with a high crown and a narrow brim. Both said they thought they could identify him if they had the chance.

"Do you have any idea how old he was?" one agent asked.

The employees agreed that he appeared to be in his early or middle thirties.

Obviously, the man had felt secure, because he seemed to have made no attempt to cover his tracks. Did that mean he was a stranger in Waterloo, that he had left town as soon as he had released his hostage?

The site where the abductor had left the car when he fled—two blocks from St. Francis Hospital—probably had some significance, but until the agents could get some clue to the man's identity, they couldn't guess what it was.

In Urbana, the various witnesses were questioned and told the agents they first had seen the Negro man on January 16th. Some had seen him that day, others had seen him on January 17th, the first time Earl Reid had seen him. Still others said they recalled seeing him the second day Reid had seen him, on Wednesday, January 18th.

Beardsford, the barber, had already told the deputies about seeing the man parked behind the bank in the blue Falcon. That had been about an hour before the robbery. But other bank employees who had occasion to look behind the bank later had not seen him. Had he left after encountering the barber and returned later?

This appeared to be the case and the agents began looking for someone who had seen him at a time closer to the time of the stickup and abduction.

In Waterloo, Cleve Whigham returned home and seemed genuinely surprised that the agents wanted to talk to him. He readily admitted having bought a pint of whiskey in the liquor store on Saturday, January 14th, but insisted he knew nothing about any bank robbery.

Whigham said he had been at work every day that week, from Monday on, and couldn't have been the bank robber. This was easily verified and Whigham was cleared of any complicity in the case.

The continuing canvass in Urbana turned up another witness whose home is two blocks from the bank. She said the Negro man at the wheel of a blue Falcon had driven past her house about 12:15, about 30 minutes before the hooded bandit entered the bank. She said he had not been driving fast and she had a good look at him and she thought she could identify him if she ever saw him again.

The agents now had witnesses who had seen the man on January 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th. But several puzzling questions faced the agents and deputies:

Why had a Negro man chosen to come to Urbana, where he was certain to be noticed because so few other Negroes lived or worked in the community?

Why had he chosen to rob a bank in such a place, after having appeared repeatedly in the town?

How had he known that there would be only one employe on duty and no customers in the bank?

Had he learned the habits of the bank's personnel in only four visits to the town—four visits during which as far as the agents could find out, he had never left his car until he entered the bank to rob it?

Or had he actually been in the bank at a time when the witnesses had not noticed him?

All the bank employees were questioned about this and they were positive that no Negro man had been in the bank at any time recently.

One thing seemed clear: The man must have had some way of gaining information about what went on in the bank, about how to enter it from the rear, and about the number of employees on duty between 12:30 and 1 o'clock.

This information could have been obtained from many people living in Urbana and doing business at the bank. But which of them was that friendly with a Negro man?

The agents made inquiries, but as far as they could find out, there was nobody in the community who had a close Negro friend. Then somebody remembered that a kindergarten teacher in the Urbana elementary school, a white woman, was married to a Negro man.

Although the woman had not been a regular customer at the bank Catherine Sichonel said that she recently had opened an account. He said also that she had entered the bank around noon and that she had come in through the back door.

Was there a connection?

Realizing that it could be pure coincidence, the agents moved discreetly. They learned that the husband's name was James Millard Jones and that he was 32. The Jones home was in Waterloo.

Checking further, the agents found a police picture of Jones on file. They obtained copies and began contacting witnesses. They took along a total of 20 pictures, Jones' included among them. Two of the witnesses in Urbana promptly picked out the photograph of James M. Jones. Others said they could be more positive if they saw Jones in person.

Mrs. Richart still could not identify Jones, however, simply because she had not seen his face.

The agents went to Waterloo and to the place where the man had left Mrs. Richart in the stolen blue Falcon. It was two blocks from St Francis Hospital and a shorter distance than that from the hospital parking lot. Was there some reason the man had stopped here?

Inside the hospital, the agents made

inquiries of officials and learned that Jones' sister was employed there. Further inquiry revealed that he had entered the hospital around 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon and made a call. An employe had overheard him arranging for a friend to pick him up.

"Does his sister have a car?" an agent asked.

"Yes, she parks it in the lot."

It was too late to find out now, but investigators considered the possibility that the red bag containing the money and Mrs. Richart's clothing had been concealed in the sister's car, quite possibly without her knowledge.

The agents felt that they had enough evidence now for a warrant and contacted United States District Attorney Donald O'Brien in Sioux City. He agreed and the warrant was issued by United States Commissioner Fred Clark of Waterloo on Saturday, January 21st.

The complaint charged James Millard Jones with "knowingly, willingly and feloniously taking money in excess of $8,000 from the Urbana Savings Bank, Urbana, Iowa, and taking Bonnie Richart from Urbana to Waterloo without her consent."

Jones was arrested in his home in Waterloo about 7 o'clock that evening and denied any knowledge of the crime. He was arraigned before Commissioner Clark about 8:30 and bail was fixed at $25,000. Jones said he was unable to hire an attorney and one was appointed to represent him.

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He was unable to make bond and was held in the Black Hawk County jail in Waterloo. No charges were filed against his wife.

In Urbana, the school board met in an emergency session and voted to retain Jones' wife in her job, since she had not been charged in the offense.

During the weeks that followed, the FBI agents gathered other evidence to use against Jones at the trial. The locksmith and his customer both identified Jones as the man who had come into the key store on January 18th to have an automobile key made from one that was tied to an auto trunk key on a white shoestring. Both agreed to testify at the trial.

The liquor store employees also identified Jones as the man who had bought a pint of liquor on the morning of January 18th and identified the paper bag found that night in the blue Falcon as having come from the liquor store. They, too, agreed to testify

The various witnesses in Urbana identified Jones as the man they had seen driving past the bank on January 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th. The feed store propretor said that Jones was the man who went to sleep in a car with the motor running while it was parked across from the bank on January 18th.

Altogether, the prosecution had 21 witnesses who would testify against Jones. But the search for the money and the gun proved fruitless.

The trial opened on Monday, April 24th with testimony by bank cashier Suchomel, who told of Jones' wife entering the bank by the rear door about an hour before the robbery.

Mrs. Bonnie Richart told of her harrowing experience after the masked gunman entered the Bank, took the money, forced her to disrobe and took her on the ride that ended in Waterloo. However, she made no attempt to identify Jones, since she had not seen his face.

The other witnesses testified and identified Jones.

Then a surprise witness was brought to the stand. He was Robert Murray, who was in the Black Hawk County jail serving six months on a bad check conviction. He testified that he had engaged in many conversations with Jones.

"He said his wife was going to stick with him," Murray told the jury. "He said she would have to because she had set it up."

"What do you understand is meant by 'set it up'?" District Attorney O'Brien asked.

"She had planned it," Murray replied.

In other testimony, Murray said that Jones had told him that he had committed the crime, "but thought he couldn't be identified;" that part of the loot consisted of $2,000 in change "and he didn't know how he had been able to carry it all;" that he had stolen a car from the John Deere parking lot, had had a key made for it and had stolen it again the day he robbed the bank; and that the gun never would be found.

Cross-examined by Jones' lawyer, Murray denied that he had been induced to testify, that his action was voluntary. He insisted that there had been no threats and that no promises had been made.

Murray was followed to the witness stand by another surprise witness, David Rote, 21, who also had been in the Black Hawk County jail and had had conversations over a long period with Jones. Rote had been sentenced on Friday, April 21st, to 10 years in the Men's Reformatory at Anamosa for breaking and entering.

Rote said that when Jones first came to the jail, he said, "I am supposed to have done it," when he was asked if he had robbed the bank and abducted the teller. Later, Rote testified, after they had become better acquainted, Jones said, "Yeah, I did it."

Rote said that Jones told him the $8,400 taken from the Bank was "split up in Waterloo." He said that Jones added "they will never find the mask or the money."

Cross-examined by Jones' attorney, Rote admitted that he had been convicted of two previous felonies, but he claimed his testimony was voluntary. He denied that there had been any threats or promises.

The government rested its case at 5:07 p.m., Tuesday, April 25th. The defense rested its case the following morning. No defense witnesses were presented.

"There may be others involved in the case," Assistant U.S. Attorney Charles Ehrhardt told the jury in his closing statement. "Other charges may be presented at another grand jury."

He told the jury that the government's 21 witnesses had proved that Jones was in Urbana in the area of the bank repeatedly on the days before the robbery; that he was seen near the bank minutes before the robbery; that he stole a car in Waterloo on January 18th, had a duplicate key made, took the car back, then stole it again the day the bank was robbed; that he robbed the bank, abducted Mrs. Richart, forced her to undress and accompany him to Waterloo, leaving her two blocks from St. Francis Hospital, where his sister works; that he called a friend from the hospital to pick him up.

In another closing address, District Attorney O'Brien suggested that Jones may have put the bag containing Mrs. Richart's clothing and the loot in his sister's car at the hospital. He added that numerous witnesses, before the trial, had selected Jones' picture from a group shown them by the FBI.

Prosecutor O'Brien said that none of the loot of more than $8,400 had been recovered.

The defense attorney, in his closing address, told the jurors that Ehrhardt made assumptions that were "purely trial tactics. Ask yourself if the government proved it was Jones who robbed the bank."

He told the jurors to remember that Mrs. Richart could not identify the robber, who had worn a ski mask throughout.

The case went to the jurors shortly after noon, Wednesday, April 26th. The jurors spent an hour at lunch, then deliberated about two and a half hours, returning a verdict at 4:30. Jones was found guilty on four counts:

- Entering the bank with intent to rob.
- Robbing the bank.
- Placing Mrs. Richart's life in jeopardy.
- Abducting Mrs. Richart and forcing her to accompany him to Waterloo against her will.

Federal District Judge McManus deferred sentencing pending an investigation of Jones' background.

Immediately after the verdict, Jones' attorney filed notice of appeal. He said this was done at Jones' request.

His wife had been seated in the rear of the courtroom, weeping most of the afternoon. She told reporters that it was not true that she had set up the robbery, but that she couldn't say more on advice of her attorney. It was confirmed that she had since submitted her resignation to the Urbana School Board and it had been accepted

District Attorney O'Brien said the case was not complete and that the investigation would continue.

On Monday, May 15th, Judge McManus sentenced James Millard Jones to a total of 92 years in federal prison. However, the longest sentence was 50 years for abducting Mrs. Richart and the lesser sentences are to be served concurrently, so that the maximum Jones could be required to serve would be 50 years.

As this was written, Jones was held in the Linn County jail in Cedar Rapids, pending possible further legal action. ★ ★ ★

The name Cleve Whigham, as used in the foregoing story, is fictitious.

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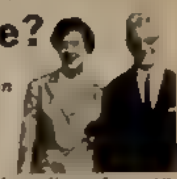

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Trap for the Firebug . . . (from page 27)

believed to have broken out.

The insurance company investigator added that the blaze appeared to have started from combustibles ignited on a counter next to the kitchen stove on the second floor, and spread from there to a stairway and on into the upper regions of the frame and stucco building. The entire structure would have gone up in flames had not a door on the second floor been closed, preventing a draft from spreading the flames until that door was blasted open through just after the arrival of the fire apparatus.

Before leaving the house, Detective Maxwell closely examined a charred window at the rear of the building. Although heavy planks used in boarding up the window were badly burned, Maxwell observed that the nails which held them to the window frame were all slightly bent.

Someone, he realized, must have pulled the boards loose from the bottom sash—from which there protruded half a dozen nails, all bent downward—before the flames reached the room of the house Water hoses had been taken through the front entrance after fireman axed away boards covering doors and windows there.

Maxwell hurried back to his headquarters. There he confirmed his suspicion that the Chevrolet sedan seen speeding from the fire by Patrolman Coviello was registered to Paul Zeh Jr. — the 22-year-old White Plains youth with whom he had kept an all-night vigil six months before at the doomed mansion in the hope of trapping burglars who never showed up.

At 8:30 on that night of September 12th, Detective Maxwell talked with young Zeh in the Detective Bureau at Harrison Police Headquarters, after conducting the suspect at his parents' home in Shatterhand Close at the county seat and asking him to come in for a little chat.

Excerpts from the supplementary complaint report filed by Detective Maxwell next day:

". . . and I questioned him (Zeh) as to what he was doing in the area at this time of the morning and he replied that he was out with a boy friend and two girls and that he was returning from the Lincoln Avenue section of Purchase by way of the Hutchinson River Parkway when he spotted a light in the window of the old King house on Red Oak Lane (which is adjacent to the parkway and well known to him as he had entered the house on several occasions in the past, prior to the fire). He then stated that he drove off the parkway at Westchester Avenue and went to Kenilworth Road and on to the house in question. Upon arriving at the house and seeing it in flames, he then drove his girl friend home to Pollypark Road . . . and then returned to Police Call Box #20 and reported the fire from there and waited for a police car to arrive."

Zeh had gone on to deny any knowledge of how the fire originated, or any implication in that and other fires that had occurred throughout the region in the past. He also denied that two other youths had leapt into his Chevrolet sedan before he left the scene of the fire upon the arrival of the first squad car to reach the police call box.

But he flatly refused to divulge the names of the two girls and the boy with whom he claimed to have been out joyriding when he spotted the flames in a second-story window of the old house.

A loose-lipped, baby-faced youth whose long blond hair was combed down to conceal his artificial right eye, the young suspect did not want to get his companions involved in a criminal investigation, he explained. He said he was a married man, though separated from his wife. The two girls with him on the previous Saturday night were members of "good families" in the community and attended local high schools. He already "was involved in a funny situation" with the parents of one of the girls, a 16-year-old sophomore, Zeh added.

After warning the youth that he was not to leave the area until the police completed their investigation, Maxwell allowed him to leave.

Half an hour later, the local detective was driving past the entrance to the Hutchinson River Parkway. Meanwhile, a fellow officer had gone on to the burned-out mansion, entered by way of the rear door, and carefully ascended to the second-floor kitchen where he stood at a window facing to the east, toward the parkway several hundred yards distant.

For a quarter of an hour, the officer stood by the window, flashing a powerful searchlight on and off. Maxwell, driving back and forth along the parkway half a dozen times, was unable to see the light through the heavy foliage surrounding the old house.

Back once more at headquarters, Detective Maxwell checked through fire and police department reports on other suspicious blazes that had occurred in the area during the past 24 months. The first of those unexplained fires, he learned, had taken place during the winter of 1964 in a 12-family apartment house at 261 Halstead Street in the village of Harrison, just around the corner from Police Headquarters.

That fire, originating in hallways outside a third-floor apartment, had been discovered by a tenant who awoke shortly after midnight and smelled smoke. The local fire department, after extinguishing the blaze before it could spread, subsequently filed a report in which it was stated that the fire could have been started by a carelessly-dropped cigarette. Questioning of the third-floor tenants revealed that nobody had heard any disturbance outside their living quarters during the night—that none had returned to the house after midnight nor left their apartments to go out that night.

Less than two months later, another building in the same area burst into flames at a late hour and persons who were sleeping in the rear of the structure told firemen they suspected a pyromaniac But, again, they could give no reason why anyone would want to destroy their home or endanger their lives

Less than a year later, at approximately 2:30 o'clock on the morning of February 25, 1965, all area fire departments were called out again when the combination apartment house and store building on Halstead Avenue burst into flames again. This time, a second-floor tenant smelled smoke and found the rear hallway ablaze when he left his apartment to investigate In his nightclothes, the tenant ran to police headquarters around the corner, and Patrolman John Sullivan, who was on duty at the time, called the fire department.

By the time the first apparatus reached the scene, the entire building was in flames. Valuable time was lost in evacuating members of the 12 families who occupied the second and third-floor apartments. Many were carried out to be treated for smoke poisoning Miraculously, there were no fatalities The structure burned to the ground, and only half a dozen business places that occupied the ground floor a total loss

While reading over the reports on the Halstead Street fires, Detective Maxwell recalled that a Harrison fireman, John Rotunda of Purchase, had suffered a fatal heart attack during the first of the Halstead blazes. That, he realized, could make it manslaughter, if the 1964 fire should prove to have been of incendiary origin and the culprit was apprehended.

The ultimate loss in the Halstead Avenue fire had run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars Insurance underwriters who investigated the second blaze attributed it to a defective basement heater. But the police, already beginning to wonder about the growing list of unexplained blazes throughout the area, were not so sure.

Weeks of investigation had followed. They failed to turn up anything of substantiate their suspicion that a firebug was on the loose in the community.

Detective Maxwell, checking through the reports of those earlier fires six months and a half-dozen conflagrations later, was hopeful that what he suspected, or even hoped, to find. But as he rapidly turned pages on which were recorded names of property owners, tenants and long lists of damages suffered, he sat suddenly forward and his cool gray-blue eyes widened with interest.

Midway down one page, a three-letter name stared at him—a name with which he had become all too familiar during the past 48 hours: Zeh! Paul Zeh Jr., a young informant of six months before, the record revealed, had occupied a second-floor apartment with his wife and child in the Halstead Avenue house at the time of the fire which burned that building to the ground.

Before hurrying back to headquarters to confer with Lieutenant Agostinelli, Maxwell turned back to the report on the first of the two fires in the Halstead Avenue building—the blaze in which a local fireman had died of a heart attack believed to have been brought on by over-exertion. And there, again, he found that Paul Zeh Jr. had been living in a second-floor apartment when someone, presumably standing in a hallway on that floor, had broken a window, thrown a flaming torch up the stairwell to the third floor.

"Talk to Zeh and tell him we're going to have to bring him in and he'll probably be charged with arson if he still refuses to reveal the names of his alibi witnesses for last Saturday night," the detective chief instructed Maxwell after learning of the latest development. "But you'd better say nothing about what we've learned At least, not until we check his witnesses' stories—if there actually are witnesses and they confirm his statement that he was out with another boy and a couple of teenage girls

On the day after his conference with Lieutenant Agostinelli, Maxwell telephoned young Zeh at his home for the second time. He informed the suspect that he had definite information connecting him with the fire in the King mansion. He then indicated that if Zeh remained adamant in his refusal to reveal the identities of the two girls and boy he claimed to have been with on Saturday night, a warrant would be asked for his arrest

Reluctantly, Zeh named his teenage girl friend as 16-year-old Gretchen Francks, adding that she would corroborate his story that he had been driving slowly south on the parkway when they spotted the fire in an upper-story window of the house Because of his difficulty" with the girl's parents, however, Zeh asked the officer to contact her some place other than at her Pollypark Road home

Maxwell would agree only by way nodding to the teenager's parents for the time being. Meanwhile, he said he must talk with the other couple with whom Zeh had been on the night in question and then summoned them as Pierette Jones, 17, of Purchase, and Timmy Tonkins, 17, of Mamaroneck.

Gretchen Francks, whom Zeh married without described as one of a number of teenage girl friends, telephoned Detective Maxwell at 8:30 that night, informing him that she had learned he wanted to talk with her When asked to come in to headquarters for an interview, the girl replied that she dared not do so because of her fear that her parents would learn of her involvement in the case.

Asked if she was with Paul Zeh Jr. on the night of the Gretchen answered that she was with the suspect from before midnight until he returned her to her home after 2 a.m.

In a follow-up report to Lieutenant Agostinelli, filed the following day, Maxwell explained:

". . . after talking with her (Gretchen Francks) I decided not to question her further concerning this incident as she is too deeply involved with Zeh and her statements would hinder this investigation. Investigation is continuing."

The next day, Maxwell located young Tonkins at the Blind Brook Polo Club in Purchase, where the Mamaroneck youth had part-time employment. The young witness flatly denied having been with Zeh and the others immediately prior to the fire. During the interrogation, Tonkins admitted having talked with the suspect since that time. He signed a written statement in which he suggested that Zeh might have been with two White Plains youths—rather than himself and the two girls—on the night the mansion burned.

"Paul's been hanging around with these kids for some time," the witness volunteered. "Although they're both younger than Zeh, I've heard that they planned to quit school and go out West with him and try to find work. In fact, I heard that the two girls had run a motel two nights ago. But I guess the plan didn't go through, because I've seen all three of 'em since then."

Asked to identify the youths whom he suspected of having been with Zeh at the time of the fire young Tonkins said he knew them only as "Gordie" and "Ernie."

Excerpt from supplementary com-

plaint report filed by Detective Maxwell on September 16, 1966:

". . . I told her (Pierette Jones) that Paul Zeh had mentioned she was in his company on the morning of 10th Sept., at the time he reported the fire. Miss Jones denied this, and stated that she was at home on that evening. Witness' mother verified her statement. She (Pierette) then stated that when she read about the fire in the papers, the first thought that came to her mind was that Paul Zeh was probably involved.

"When asked why she felt he might be involved, she stated that it was said in the papers that he reported the fire, and that she had knowledge that he, Zeh, had been in the house prior to the fire and that he had made statements that caused her to believe he might be responsible.

"I then asked if there was anyone else present when these statements were made by Zeh, and she said Timmy Tonkins of Mamaroneck was present . . .

"Further information revealed that Paul Zeh had approached Miss Francks (after the fire) and requested that she say she was with him on this night, to establish an alibi for him. This information was divulged after Miss Jones had a phone conversation with Gretchen Francks."

Finally convinced of the suspect's guilt after interview with the Jones girl (and listening in on her conversation with the Francks girl), Detective Maxwell nonetheless realized he must have actual proof of Zeh's presence at the doomed mansion if he was to convince a jury. That proof, he believed, could only be furnished by the two youths who actually had been with the suspect on the night of the fire.

During the next 24 hours, the Harrison investigator talked with other friends and associates of the young suspect. From several witnesses, he learned that after being alerted that he was under investigation, Zeh had arranged to leave the area with the two youths mentioned earlier by the Mamaroneck teenage boy who denied being with him on the night in question.

"Paul had arranged to meet them at a Larchmont motel, and then the three of them were going to drive West," one witness said in corroboration of Tonkins' story. "But the other kids' parents got wind of their plan and put a stop to it."

Resolved to learn the identity of the youths whom Patrolman Coviello had seen leap into the suspect's turquoise sedan before it sped off on the night of the fire, Maxwell next day contacted authorities in the adjoining town of Greenburgh, on the outskirts of White Plains where all three resided, reportedly lived with their respective parents.

At dusk on that night, Maxwell met Detective Sergeant Holley of the Greenburgh police. Together they drove to the Indian Village area, in the hope of locating the trio at one of their suspected hangouts. While parked in their darkened, unmarked car a few blocks from the suspect's home in Shatterhand Close, the two investigators spotted Zeh's car approaching from the opposite direction.

In the front seat beside the blond youth who sat behind the wheel of the blue Chevy were two younger boys. Detective Maxwell, anxious not to be recognized, slipped quickly from the police car.

"Follow 'em and stop 'em on some pretext and get the names and addresses of Zeh's two young passengers," he instructed the Greenburgh officer. "If they're who I think they are, that will be all I'll need for now."

Ten minutes later, after taking off in pursuit of the other car after it passed at a speed of 50 miles, Detective Holley rejoined the Harrison officer.

"I had 'em pull over to the curb and told 'em it was a routine check," Holley reported. "Zeh showed me his operator's license and everything was in order. His companions identified themselves as Gordon Fennel, 17, of Lincoln Place, and Ernest Classon, 16, of County Center Road on the outskirts of White Plains."

The two officers returned to Greenburgh Police Headquarters where "Gordie" and "Ernie" were checked out. Neither had a record. Detective Maxwell then went on to the county courthouse, where he conferred with Officers W. Van Dorn and Louis Calgano of the Youth Bureau. The two juvenile officers said they would try to arrange a meeting between the Harrison detective and the local teenagers for the next day.

Excerpts from supplementary complaint report filed by Detective Maxwell on September 21, 1966:

"At 2 p.m. this date, Detective Louis Calgano, Greenburgh, contacted Detective Maxwell by telephone and informed him he had talked with the Classon boy and that we could speak with him at 2:45 p.m. Detective Traino and I proceeded to Greenburgh Police Headquarters, where we spoke with Ernest Classon and he told us what took place on the 10th of Sept. . . . He stated (among other things), that he was in the company of Paul Zeh Jr. and Gordon Fennel on that date. Investigation continued . . .

"From report of September 29, 1966: "At 2:30 this date, I went to Woodland High School, Greenburgh, in company with Detective G. Holley. We spoke to assistant principal, who agreed to bring Gordon Fennel outside after classes were dismissed so we could recognize him. Later we approached Fennel after he came out with the assistant principal, identified ourselves and advised him of his rights as required.

"Fennel stated he would gladly talk with us. We then drove to Greenburgh Youth Bureau, where he was questioned as to his activities on the evening of 9th Sept. 1966."

There the report abruptly ended. But it subsequently was learned that after talking with the Fennel boy, Detective Maxwell went on to a local service station where he showed a photograph of Paul Zeh Jr. to the attendant who had been on duty on the Friday night prior to the fire that destroyed the King mansion.

A month later, the gas station attendant would appear before a grand jury after telling Maxwell that two youths answering to the description of Zeh and Fennel had driven up to his place on the night of September 9th, and the former had asked to have a gallon-can filled with gasoline.

Subsequently, the grand jury indictment of Fennel would result in another supplementary report in which the Harrison detective advised his superior officer:

"While talking with Gordon Fennel, I asked if (he) had any additional information concerning Paul Zeh Jr., with specific reference to fires. He then stated that he and Zeh had been involved with setting fire to a newly-constructed house on the dead end of Jackson Place, Greenburgh. I then requested Gordon to show me the house, which he did."

Six days after filing that report, Detective Maxwell, accompanied by Detective Sergeant Colmeri, drove to the Harrison High School parking lot where they found young Zeh waiting in his car to pick up his 16-year-old girl friend. Told that he was under arrest for arson, the youthful suspect was handed a warrant issued by the district attorney's office for his arrest, and informed of his legal rights.

After being taken to headquarters, Zeh was advised that he could obtain the services of an attorney, and a Rye lawyer was called to at his request.

The last of a long series of supplementary complaint reports, filed by Detective Maxwell the following day, includes the following:

". . . and while talking with Paul with reference to the (second) fire at 281 Hillandale Avenue where he lived at the time of its occurrence on February 25, 1965, (he) stated that he was working in his apartment but that a fuse had blown. He went to the cellar to check the fuses and while there he could not see so he was using matches. He then stated that he became panic stricken because he was having with the fuses, so he lit the entire box of matches and threw it on the floor. He then stated that he left the building and went to the Diner in Diner for coffee, and that when he returned he noticed the building was afire. He stated that he was not sure he was responsible, but admits it is a likely possibility."

Paul Zeh Jr. continued to deny any implication in any other of the long series of suspected incendiary blazes in which the authorities attempted to implicate him. He stuck with his story of having been out with his teenage girl friend and another young couple on the night of the only fire—that at the old King mansion—which he was formally accused of setting.

But after Fennel and Jurgy indicted him on charges of arson and malicious destruction of property following the testimony of the teenage companion who turned State's evidence against him, Zeh on his attorney's advice changed his plea.

On November 29, 1966, the youth whose arrest coincided with the termination of a long series of unexplained fires throughout the fashionable residential area north of New York City Supreme Court at White Plains. A plea of guilty to malicious destruction of property was entered in his behalf, after a recommendation that the more serious charge of arson be dropped.

Sentenced to an indeterminate term not to exceed five years in Elmira Reformatory, Zeh is now serving out his time in that upstate institution for delinquent adults.

"Gordie" Fennel, Gretchen Francks and the other teenage members of prominent Westchester families who became involved in the investigation that led to the arrest have returned to their school classes—and no longer spend their post-midnight hours joyriding in a late-model turquoise sedan.

★ ★ ★

The names Pierette Jones, Gretchen Francks, Timmy Tonkins, Gordon Fennel and Ernest Classon, as used in the foregoing story, are fictitious.

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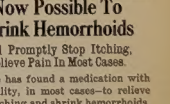

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Yes, looking like a matron at 19 years and just plain "FAT" by the time I reached 30 sure made me a sad sight. Aside from the health aspects of being overweight and the extra risk of a heart attack, there certainly isn't anything romantic or inviting about an overweight person's appearance that I know of. In fact you look years older before your time. Have you ever seen a Hollywood star playing a romantic role with a fat stomach . . . of course not. Well let's stop blaming our overweight problem on being "BIG BONED", "LARGE FRAME", "GLANDULAR DISTURBANCE" AND SOMETIMES EVEN HEREDITY. Let's stop excusing ourselves and trying to blame our condition on everything other than the fact that "WE EAT TOO MUCH" . . . and just have very little or no self control.

I, myself know how difficult it was for me to lose weight before I came upon this FANTASTIC METHOD . . . and how to my utter amazement, losing weight actually became a simple, pleasurable experience day after day. Until the time I started using this "SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY" it was almost impossible for me to lose even a pound.

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I GUARANTEE RESULTS IN SEVEN DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!!

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☐ If you are under 18, check here for complimentary prize Booklet A.

20 - 4

$100,000.00

OFFERED IN CASH PRIZES THIS YEAR!

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Each month, people like yourself, who love to solve puzzles, but never before won any money, share in the fun and excitement of our contests and walk away with cash prizes that add up to many thousands of dollars. Yes, these winners have used their "tickets" to fame and fortune . . . AND SO CAN YOU!

Our **Puzzle Lovers Club** winners are people just like yourself . . . men and women who never believed that they could have the kind of money paid to sports, TV and movie stars. Our gifted winners have used their cash prizes to do the things they've always dreamed about . . . pay off the mortgage, take a long vacation, start a farm, buy a new wardrobe, install air conditioning, buy a new house, pay old debts.

Here are just a few of thousands of winners: Over $1,000.00 in cash to a Maryland fan; $2,500.00 cash award to a Colorado gentleman; $1,250.00 cash to a San Diego contestant; more than $2,500.00 to a Pennsylvania Puzzle Lover.

How would you feel if you won $5,000.00? "It's a thrill that comes just once in a lifetime," said Mrs. Carl Mouness of La Crescenta, Calif., as she received her cash prize. Men and women of all ages have won tremendous cash awards from our **Puzzle Lovers Club.**

How do they do it? They are members of the world's only puzzle club that holds regularly scheduled competitions and offers cash prizes to winners. Membership in our Club offers you the fun and excitement of puzzle solving, educational information on how to use language and words, the opportunity of winning thousands of dollars each month PLUS extra bonus puzzles each year with prizes ranging all the way up to $100,000.00. Our **Puzzle Lovers Club** limits competition and awards to members only. Our membership is kept small, so that your pleasure, excitement and cash prizes are B-I-G!

Not all of our puzzles and clues are easy. Our Teenie-Weenie puzzles are . . . our word-building contests and statement competitions aren't. But, if you are over 18, you may have the talent to win up to $100,000.00.

Frances Nation, Puzzle Lovers Club winner from Oklahoma City, was overjoyed as she received her $305.88 award. "I'm gleefully capering over your generous check," she said when her cash prize arrived.

"Thank you for that beautiful $1,400.00 check," was the way Sue Repetto, Fort Worth, Tex., reacted to news of her victory. "I'm still in a state of shock," she said over her huge Puzzle Lovers Club winnings.

Edna B. Dupler, Millersport, Ohio, walked away with $500.00 in Puzzle Lovers Club contest cash. "My friends said I was wasting my time," wrote Mrs. Dupler. "I gave them a surprise when I showed them that check."

$1,583.33 in cash went to club member Josephine Wible, Lincoln, Neb. This happy contest winner exclaimed . . . "Thanks again for your promptness. A long-wished-for-trip is now possible."

"I felt that I had a winner," wrote Robert Dallons, Aurora, Colo. He's a contestant who was awarded a $2,500.00 cash prize for his skill in our Puzzle Lovers Club competitions.

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